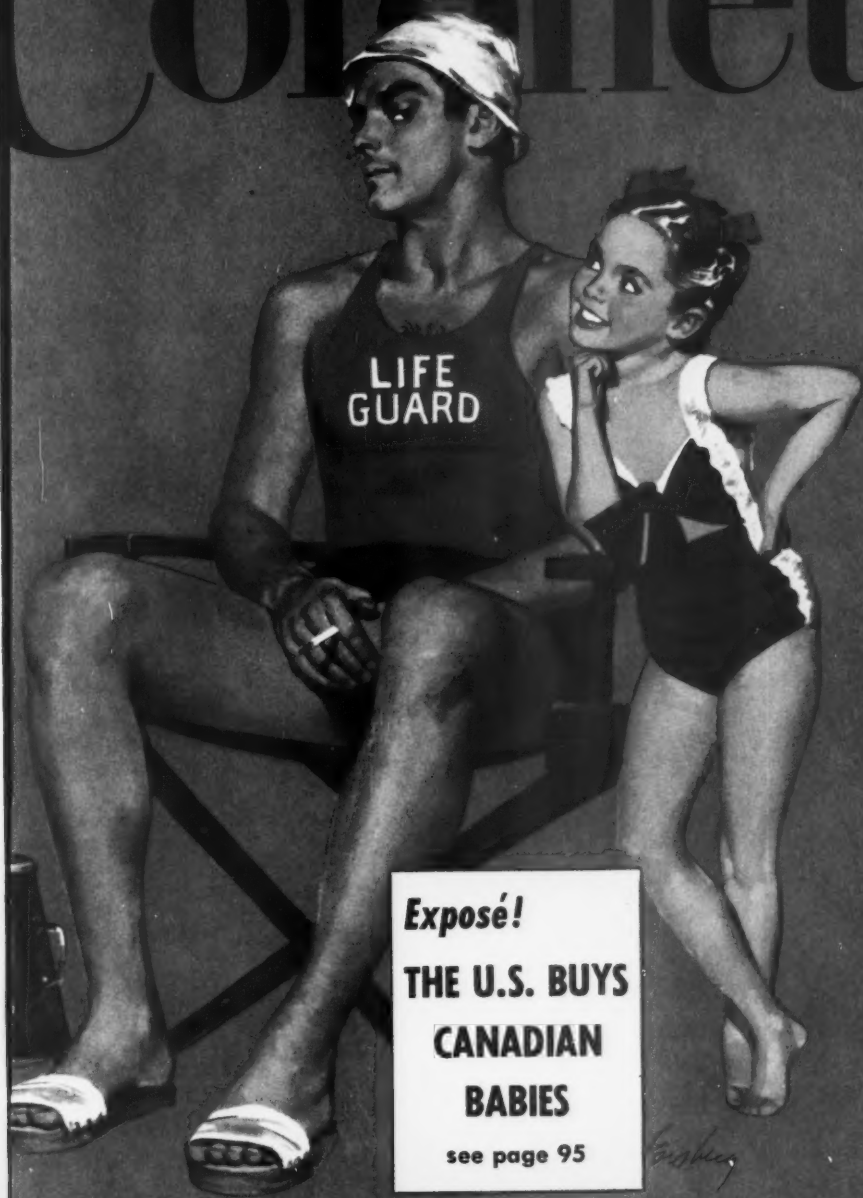


JULY 25c

THIS PRINTING: OVER 2,500,000 COPIES

# Coronet



***Exposé!***

**THE U.S. BUYS  
CANADIAN  
BABIES**

see page 95

*Carlsberg*

# YES, NASH IS BIG!



Let's get down to basic facts.

An Airflyte is 17½ feet long—and a massive 6½ feet wide.

It's 9½ feet long inside. Front seats are *four-men* wide. Headroom, 35 inches. Trunk 28 cu. ft.

All this—in a car 62 inches high, with more road clearance!

Only in Nash do you get all this—because only Nash has Girder-built Body-and-Frame.

*Ride* it, feel that low Airflyte ride anchor you to the curves. Feel the magic of coil springing on all four wheels.

*Drive* it, go over 25 miles on a gallon in the big Nash "600" at average highway speed. Add

Weather Eye air . . . Twin Beds. Enjoy a curved *undivided* windshield.

It's the big news in cars—and the biggest buy of the year! In two series, the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador.

**Nash**  
*Airflyte*

**GREAT CARS SINCE 1902**

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

# "Try the IPANA way—dentists say it works!"

says Model Mother Annelle Tice—who shows how it can work for your smile



**Both fashion models!** Annelle Tice and daughter Alana flash a pair of smiles atop Rockefeller Center... while Pop views New York through the telescope. "I see to it that my family follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," Annelle explains, "because dentists say it works!" This Ipana dental care can work for you, too...

**The Ipana way is easy! 1.** Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula helps stimulate your gums; refreshes mouth and breath, too.) Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage.

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY...



Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana dental care promotes  
**Healthier gums, brighter teeth\***

\*In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country

JULY, 1949

## LITTLE LULU



**You can blow your head off, Tubby — it's Kleenex\*!**

***Little Lulu says: THERE'S NO BLOW TOO BIG FOR  
KLEENEX — THE TISSUE WITH "JUST RIGHT" SOFTNESS ...  
STRENGTH! DURING COLDS, HAY FEVER, YOUR NOSE  
KNOWS IT PAYS TO ASK FOR KLEENEX TISSUES!***

© International Cellacetten Products Co.

★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





# Coronet

Publisher:  
DAVID A. SMART

Editor:  
GORDON CARROLL

Editorial Director:  
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Associate Editors:  
JAMES FOLINSBEE  
BERNARD L. GLASER  
CAROL HUGHES  
ISABELLA JONES  
BEN KARTMAN  
R. B. LUNDAHL  
RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.  
LYNN MOEHLNBROCK  
CHARLES ROBBINS

Production Director:  
GUS BERKES

Art Director:  
GEORGE SAMERJAN

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President and Treasurer; A. L. Binder, Vice-Pres. and Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. and Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Advertising Offices, 3646 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U. S. A. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Note of Caution: Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1949, by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered United States Patent Office. Reproduction or use without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.

Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

## Contents for July, 1949

VOL. 26, No. 3, WHOLE No. 153

### Articles

The Conquest of Fear . . . . .	FREDERIC M. LOOMIS, M. D.	19
I Robbed Myself of Jungle Treasure . . . . .	WILLIAM LAVARRE	22
Beauty . . . . .		27
Week-end Vacations at \$6 Each . . . . .	LLEWELLYN MILLER	28
New Help for Alcoholics . . . . .	DOROTHY HUNTER	32
No Alibi for Death . . . . .	LOUIS MCLAIN	36
The Quiz Key to Our Future . . . . .	ROBERT P. BRUNDAGE	38
Patty Berg: Golf's Best Friend . . . . .	OLGA DAVIDSON	51
His Plants Transformed the Plains . . . . .	PAUL FRIGGENS	58
The Family Is Still America's Backbone . . . . .		

	EVELYN ARDIS WHITMAN	62
The Mosquito Meets His Match . . . . .	JOHN W. WHITE	67
Mystery Sinking on the Great Lakes . . . . .	DONALD L. EPHLIN	69
Men Against the Moon . . . . .	NORMAN & MADELYN CARLSLE	91
The U. S. Buys Canadian Babies . . . . .	ROBERT L. EVANS	95
An Elephant Is His Pulpit . . . . .	MORTON BARRETT	99
The Greatest Guy in the World . . . . .	OSZIE NELSON	102
The Robot Makers of Rochester . . . . .	ERIC GWYN	104
Hands Across the Seas . . . . .	EVA VB. HANSL	109
Detroit's Sweetest Business . . . . .	A. J. CUTTING	132
Greta Garbo: Sphinx Without a Secret . . . . .	HELEN WORDEN	134
Children's Ship of Mercy . . . . .	CAROL HUGHES	140
Pensions from the Boss . . . . .	THOMAS C. DESMOND	144
Fate Was in His Corner . . . . .	BARNEY NAGLER	148
Philanthropist of Joy . . . . .	JAMES WALLACE, JR.	150
Where Cats Are Kings . . . . .	LUCILLE BECKHART	153
Put a Note in the Mailbox . . . . .	JOSH M. DRAKE, JR.	155
Eight Ways to Make Money on the Side . . . . .	RAY GILES	158
They Have to Live by Their Wits . . . . .	ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE	161
Photo-Finish Family . . . . .	MARTIN ABRAMSON	166

### Pictorial Features

Squeezes in the Sky . . . . .		6
Symbol of an Era . . . . .		8
Broadway's Best: <i>South Pacific</i> . . . . .		10
Knights of the Chess Table . . . . .		12
Mother's Newest Helper . . . . .		14
Underwater Undergraduates . . . . .		16
Songs We Remember . . . . .		43
The Meaning of Faith . . . . .		75
Gettysburg: An American Epic . . . . .	LAWRENCE ELLIOTT	114

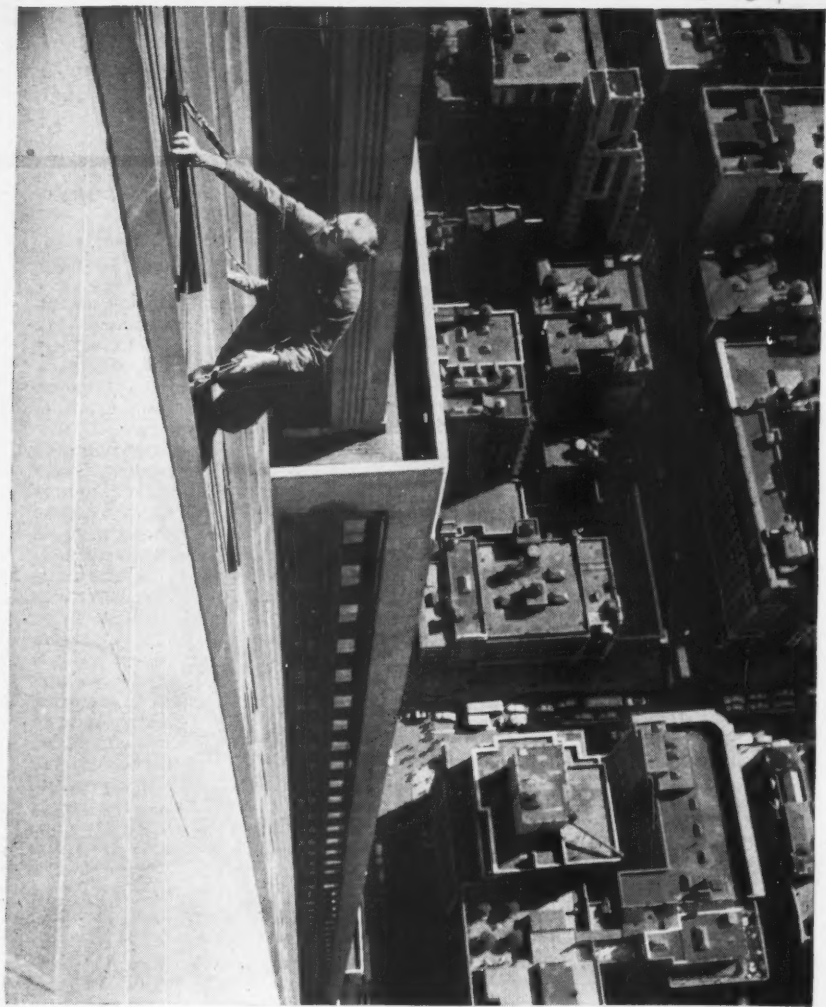
### Departments

Do You Know These Skylines? . . . . .	A CORONET QUICK QUIZ	57
Grin and Share It . . . . .		73
Just for Fun . . . . .	A CORONET QUICK QUIZ	143
Unfurled from the Show World . . . . .		169
The Making of a Hero . . . . .	REV. PHILIP J. CLEVELAND	171

### Corer

Idol in Bronze . . . . .	HOWARD FORSBERG	
--------------------------	-----------------	--

AP2  
C767



## Squeegees in the Sky

**R**ICHARD HART, head window washer at the Empire State Building in New York, will tell you that a man with the ability to wash 60 to 75 skyscraper windows a day is rare indeed. A candi-

date for the job must have innate capacities. For no apprenticeship can teach a man to stand casually as high as 1,000 feet above the sidewalk and concentrate on a squeegee and dirty panes.

IF  
C  
H  
  
Re  
Bu  
pla  
gro  
wh  
wit  
He  
hav  
Kre  
kee  
hai  
nev  
you

# YOU MUST AVOID GREASY GOO

**IF YOU WANT A  
CLEAN SCALP—  
HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR**

Remember, water is no Hair Tonic. But on the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*—it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on



your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling **SO CLEAN**. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp and dry hair—to remove dandruff flakes.

*Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type  
hair that attracts*



A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

(Sold throughout the U. S. and Canada)



Walker and his first wife cast their ballot. He had once been a song writer.



It was said: "New York wore Walker in its lapel; he returned the compliment."



Even when he was under investigation, Jimmy's charm was his greatest asset.



After three years in Europe, he returned with Betty Compton, his second wife.

## Symbol of an Era

NEW YORK's 100th mayor, James J. Walker, had been elected by those who loved him as their "Jimmy." He became a symbol of the 1920s—dapper, gay, always human. But, like the era he personified, Jimmy Walker was fated to hold the stage briefly, then to fade

into the gloom of economic panic. With yesterday's cheers still ringing in his ears, he was saddened by times that changed too quickly. Yet he must have known, even in death, that the millions with whom he had shared happier days would always speak of him as "Jimmy."

# Admiral

## 3-WAY

## Portable Radios

### AC-DC-BATTERY

Wherever you go, you'll find this petite portable by Admiral a pleasant companion. Concealed Aeroscope in swing-up lid assures dependable performance, indoors or out. Starts playing ... on batteries or AC-DC ... soon as you turn it on. Light weight, easy-to-carry, measures only  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  in. Smartly styled ebony and French gold case. Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47, Ill.

**\$29<sup>95</sup>**  
MODEL 5F12



Prices Slightly Higher in South and far West—Subject to Change Without Notice. All Prices Less Batteries.

## Luxury in Leather

**6Y19**—Here's the portable to take along to those far-away places. Power-packed for dependable performance anywhere. Starts playing ... on batteries or AC-DC ... soon as you click it on. Sturdily built for rough going ... genuine leather, smart as the latest luggage. Console tone quality. Travel with a tune in your heart with this exciting new Admiral luxury portable radio.

**\$69<sup>95</sup>**

**6Y18**—In  
Durable  
Fabric

**\$49<sup>95</sup>**

See! Hear! On Television!



Two Great Admiral Shows

"STOP THE MUSIC," ABC NETWORK, THURS., 8 PM, EDT • TELEVISION SHOW, ALL NBC STATIONS, FRI., 8 PM, EDT

BROADWAY'S BEST:

## South Pacific

SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT on April 7, 1949, several hundred enchanted playgoers stood up in New York's Majestic Theater and applauded clamorously. With wonder in their voices, they talked about the play they had just seen. They hummed the tunes from its magical score as they left the theater. Almost unanimously, they agreed that *South Pacific* was a theatrical landmark.

Adapted from the penetrating but sentimental novel, *Tales of the South Pacific*, which won a Pulitzer Prize for author James A. Michener, *South Pacific* offers an unusual subject for a musical comedy—war. But in the inspired hands of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, who had already made theater history with *Okla-homa* and *Carousel*, *South Pacific* became a lilting success, alternately tender and gay, like life itself. Somehow, a sensitive perception toward human beings caught up in the grimness of war had given theater make-believe a reality seldom achieved.

Pert Mary Martin, who once stopped a show when she sang *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, is teamed with Metropolitan Opera star Ezio Pinza. In his first Broadway role, Pinza acts and sings as though born to musical comedy.

Before the first curtain went up on *South Pacific*, the advance ticket sale had reached \$500,000—a new theater record. Now, after three months on Broadway, plans are being made to send road companies to expectant audiences all over the U. S. But in New York tickets are still rarities.

The story is told of a famous Hollywood director who came East for a visit and returned to receive new acclaim from his friends. Had he directed a smash hit on Broadway? No, he had managed to get tickets to *South Pacific*.



1. On a South Pacific isle, Nurse Nellie Forbush (Mary Martin) falls in love with Emile de Becque (Ezio Pinza).



4. Singing and dancing with a complement of sailors, seabees and marines, Nellie is happy once more.





2. Enchanted in her new happiness, Ensign Forbush of Arkansas sings *I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy*.



3. When true love hits its customary snags, she returns to the base and determines to forget the planter.



5. When de Becque returns from a dangerous mission for the Navy, he finds Nellie singing to his two children.



6. The reunited lovers sing the hit song, *Some Enchanted Evening*, as the curtain comes down on a happy ending.





## Knights of the Chess Table

**F**OR CHESS ENTHUSIASTS, there are two kinds of people—players and non-players. Boundaries of space and time do not exist: a Chinese philosopher challenges a Kansas farmer by mail; two sea captains conduct a game by radiotelegram.

In more than 15 centuries, the game has been played in every civilized country. And today, in a second-floor shop

of New York's Times Square, chess enthusiasm is at a new peak. There, Harold Fischer, former Canadian checkers champion, presides over a room where, for ten or fifteen cents, a player may challenge anyone present. Until 2 A.M. each night, the Academy of Chess and Checkers is the scene of high strategy, the battleground for never-ending but bloodless war.



Photo by  
Underwood &  
Underwood

## *Autocrat of the dining room table*

Yes, sir, when he calls for his favorite meal by brand name you had better serve it—or else. And when he lisps for that prepared dessert he's so fond of you'd better not try any switching or there will be a rumpus, sure enough.

We start learning brand names almost as soon as we can say "Dada," and from then on we depend on our brand language to get us exactly what we want. Every advertisement we read—

every radio program we listen to—prepares us better to make the most of America's wonderful system of producing and distributing goods identified by Brand Names.

And by the way—from the high chair on—every time we choose or reject brand names we keep industry on its toes—trying with all its know-how and resources to give us what we like best.

### *Brand Names Foundation*

INCORPORATED

A non-profit educational foundation • 119 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



## Mother's Newest Helper

WHEN ACTRESS Gene Tierney's first child, Daria, was born in 1943, she was fed with a new and disposable bottle which her nurse had invented. Miss Tierney was so pleased with it that when little Christina (*above*) was born recently, the new nursing bottle was a prime requisite.

The story of Nurse Adda May Allen's bottle goes back to prewar days when she worked in a Washington, D. C., hospital. One morning, as she watched another nurse wearily sterilizing bottles after a ten-hour shift, an idea came to her—why not a nursing bottle that could be thrown away after one use?

For long months Nurse Allen experi-

mented. When at last she was satisfied, she tested her new bottle on 300 babies. The proof was conclusive: Mrs. Allen had perfected a sterile, yet disposable, nursing bottle. But beyond that, she had actually made it easier for infants to feed. They seemed to like the soft, plastic material which she used better than the familiar glass.

With the encouragement of Miss Tierney, Nurse Allen had her bottle produced commercially. Now, she is proud not only of the many personal thanks she has received from grateful mothers, but because her invention has been brought within the price range of most families.



# happy Swimming days with Tampax

Tampax is discretion itself at swimming time. *Because this remarkable monthly sanitary protection has no outside*

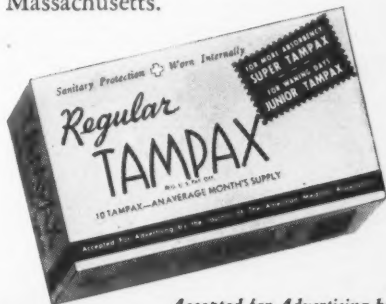
**NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR**

*pad...* Give this one fact full consideration — and you'll realize that Tampax can be trusted in the water and out of the water with your bathing suit wet or dry. So get Tampax for the next occasion and enjoy those additional "stolen" swims!

Made of highly absorbent surgical cotton, Tampax is worn internally and comes in efficient easy-to-use applicators. When in place it is not only invisible but unfelt. No chafing is possible. No edge-lines can show under soft summer dresses. No odor can form. Changing is quick and disposal no trouble at all.

This Tampax was invented by a doctor and is by no means intended as an occasional convenience. It meets

the demands of this special hygienic need every month of the year. Millions now use it. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



*Accepted for Advertising by  
the Journal of the American Medical Association*

## Underwater Undergraduates



STUDENTS OF marine biology, oceanography and other deep-sea sciences at the University of Miami have substituted bathing suits for the traditional cap and gown. Here, where classes may assemble along a coral reef six fathoms below the surface of the Gulf Stream, campus visitors may include anything from a highly curious porpoise to a rainbow shower of tropical fishes no longer than a coed's fingernail.

The unusual Marine Laboratory, one of the few such institutes in the world, was established by the University in 1942 on the theory that the best place to study the intricate balance of marine life was in the living classrooms of the ocean floor. Since then, oceanic field trips have been made a weekly feature of the curriculum.

Citizens of Miami have become accustomed to the sight of students gleaning shells and seaweed with professional enthusiasm along the resort city's famous beaches. Or, like some weird school of human fishes, a group may swim in shallow water offshore, peering through goggles or glass-bottomed buckets in search of rare specimens.

But the big thrill for instructors and students alike is still the "deep plunge." In a few seconds, they descend into a watery world that might belong to some other planet. Wearing 80-pound helmets (which feel weightless in the pressurized depths), they move in slow-motion among the startled denizens of a coral kingdom. No student has yet been known to fall asleep during lectures at this amazing school of the sea.

#### CREDITS

Photos: Page 6, Art Leipzig; 8, International News, Culver Service and Acme Photos; 12, Leo Fuchs; 14 and 16, International News Photos.

# NOW—YOURS ON 16mm

## *Hollywood's Greatest Stars* *Hollywood's Greatest Hits*



Now, for the first time . . . you can show these unforgettable films . . . Academy Award winners . . . shining stars in their greatest roles . . . screen classics loved by millions. These are the films you've been waiting for . . . film masterpieces . . . ideal for school, church, club and home showings . . . perfect entertainment for every audience. There's standing room only for these features, so send in the coupon below for full rental information . . . today!

**MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN** • Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur

**PENNIES FROM HEAVEN** • Bing Crosby, Madge Evans

**ARIZONA** • Jean Arthur, William Holden

**GALLANT JOURNEY** • Glenn Ford, Janet Blair

**HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA** • Cary Grant, Martha Scott

**HER FIRST BEAU** • Jane Withers, Jackie Cooper

**FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW** • Edith Fellows

**HELLO ANNAPOLIS** • Tom Brown, Jean Parker

**ADVENTURES OF RUSTY** • Margaret Lindsay, Ted Donaldson

**ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON** • Herbert Marshall

**BLONDIE** • Arthur Lake, Penny Singleton, Daisy

**BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE** • LEAVE IT TO BLONDIE

**LIFE WITH BLONDIE** • BLONDIE'S LUCKY DAY

**Ideal Pictures Corp.** 28 East 8th Street • Chicago 5, Illinois

Please send me full information on where (available through 18 national branch offices) and how I may rent these outstanding 16mm sound motion-picture features. Also send me your complete list of titles at the new low rates!

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



GOD GRANT that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say: 'This is my country.'

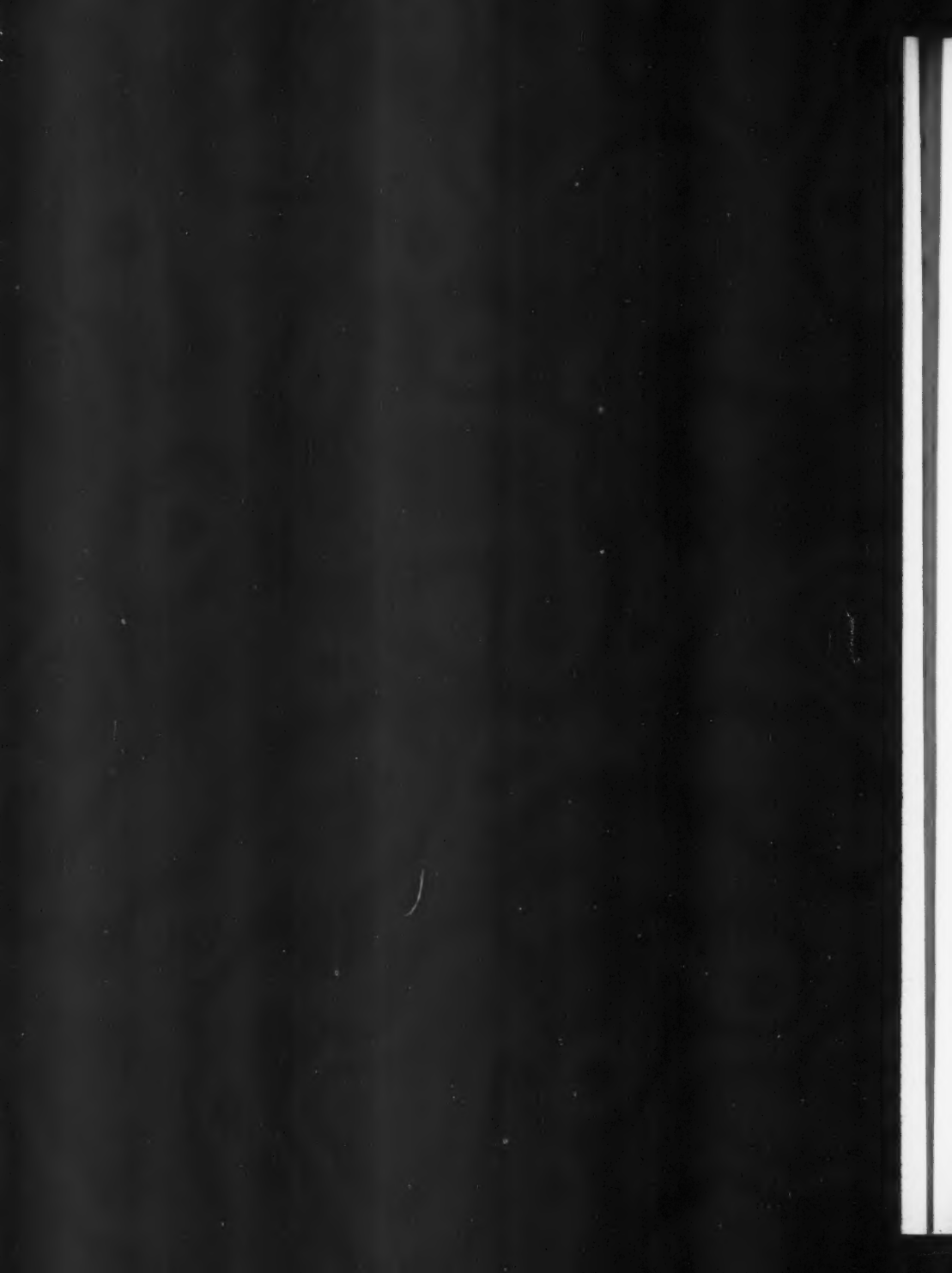
*Benj. Franklin*



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIC ZAMPARELLI









## THE CONQUEST OF FEAR

by **FREDERIC M. LOOMIS, M. D.**

WHEN I SAW THE NAME of the patient listed for 3 o'clock that afternoon, I looked forward with pleasure to the visit. She had been a sweet and pretty thing when I put her first and second babies in her arms. Now, glancing at her history, I was surprised that she had not been in for a routine checkup for nearly five years. On her last visit, she had been about 35.

When she entered my office at 3 P.M., I could hardly believe my eyes. She looked not five years older, but 15. Instead of a gay smile, there was stark fear on her face. When she found her voice, she said, "I have some bad news. I just had to talk to you about it."

"Martha!" I said. "What has happened? Your husband? Your children?"

"No," she replied, "not as bad as that—just me. Remember how active I used to be? Golf, tennis, having babies and doing all my own housework besides? Well, about six months ago, when we returned after living out of town for a few years, I got short of breath on that same golf course. I began having what I thought was heartburn when I went up those hills.

"After a while I noticed that the same thing happened when I hurried to the car after I had been sitting quietly in a theater or at a lecture. And the other night Junior



was so naughty that I got terribly upset. Then the heartburn came on again worse than ever—and I hadn't even moved!"

"Pain in your arm, too?" I asked.

She looked up in surprise. "Why, yes! And I was so uncomfortable that my husband insisted I go to our family doctor. After I talked to him, he just listened to my heart and took my blood pressure. Said they were pretty good, but then he sent me to the hospital for an electrocardiogram. You can't guess what the specialist told me when he got the report."

"I don't have to guess—but go on," I answered.

"*Angina pectoris*," she said in a tragic voice. "Then he said something about spasms, but I didn't half-hear because I knew that *angina* meant a terrible death. At home, I looked in the dictionary and it said 'a painful disease characterized by a sense of suffocation in the chest.' That's me, all right!"

"Next day, I went back to our family doctor and he said, 'Don't fight it. You can't lick it. On your way home, get some nitroglycerin tablets—here it is written down—and put a tablet under your tongue when you feel the pain coming.'"

"I haven't slept a wink since. I keep thinking about my children without a mother. . . ."

"Did you get the nitroglycerin?"

"No," she said. "I was afraid it

would explode or something. What's the use, anyway?"

I took a small brown bottle from my pocket and tossed it across the desk. "Try some of mine," I said. "I've had tablets like that in my pocket for ten years. I started exactly as you did—even thought it was heartburn. As to that word 'spasm'—it doesn't mean you are going to have fits. Your doctor said spasmodic angina. That means that the blood vessels supplying the heart itself have a spasmodic contraction after sudden exertion or too much emotion.

"Then, because the channel is suddenly smaller, the heart doesn't get enough blood for the moment and *tells you so* by pain. It's like a traffic signal—when it says STOP, it means it—but like that red light, it changes pretty soon. Nitroglycerin just helps to change it more quickly by relaxing the tension in those little arteries."

"But," she exclaimed, "you can't be serious about yourself! I can't believe that you . . . and for ten years . . . you look so well and strong . . . how about those things you see in the paper every day?—dropped dead of heart disease, died in his sleep, collapsed on the golf course? . . ."

"Martha," I said, "I've been through this whole thing. Now listen to me. I gave up bringing babies into the world because I knew that if a terrific complication arose suddenly, my heart might tighten up so badly that I could lose the mother and child before I got help. It almost happened once—and that was enough.

"I also gave up quite a lot of other things that had seemed im-

portant, but I soon learned that practically every one of them could be replaced by something useful and pleasant that did not involve sudden strain. I could walk but I couldn't chase a streetcar, and as soon as I learned that lesson I was happy again.

"If I feel the beginning of a pain, I stop in my tracks—no matter where I am or who sees me—take one of those little tablets, and wait till the light changes."

"You mean I must carry those things with me as long as I live?"

"Suppose you do? You carry a compact, don't you? . . . However, there's something else you will have to carry that's much more important."

"What is it?" she cried.

"A little different philosophy of living, my dear. You can be a good wife and mother, and be happy too, if you stop rebelling at what you think is a 'terrible' fate.

"Since I got my 'death sentence,' I've been in almost every country in the world. There are plenty of things you can do and enjoy even more than when you were young. And there are other things to which you must say 'Oh, never mind!' But you must *feel it*, Martha. Don't make believe.

"You know, an expert once said, 'Among the worst sufferers from heart disease are those who do not have it.' I can't tell you how many

of my patients were afraid to marry, afraid to have children, *afraid to have any fun* because some doctor had found a heart murmur and almost scared them to death. Lots of murmurs don't mean a thing.

"Even when there really is something like angina, or a good many other heart conditions, there are ways of managing if you don't go into a tail spin. The people who become casualties are the ones who fear it and fight it.

"Unnecessary restrictions that take all the joy out of life do more harm than good, I think. Of course, you should go to see your doctor once in a while. Give him a chance to check up and help you if you need it. And please come in here once in a while too, so I can see that your good looks have come back and that you have learned a different way to be happy. You can do it, Martha. . . . Now, good-bye until next time."

She rose to go. The fear had already left her eyes and her face glowed with the smile I remembered. Softly she said, "Thank you, Doctor. I'll learn. And this will make my husband very happy too. Good-bye, then—until next time."

What rich reward for a doctor when he sees the magic that can be wrought by a few words of quiet explanation and comfort—not only with heart disease but with almost anything else that is causing fear!

### The Easiest Way



PAUL WINCHELL overheard a woman in Macy's ask Information, "Where do I stand to get pushed to the book department?"

—EARL WILSON



## I Robbed Myself of JUNGLE TREASURE

by WILLIAM LAVARRE

Here is the amazing story of an explorer whose skepticism cheated him of a priceless collection of Mayan gold and jewels

**I**F IT HAD NOT BEEN for my fear of being sold a gold brick, I would now have the greatest collection of ancient Mayan treasure ever possessed by modern man. I would be able to look up from my desk in civilization and gloat over a hoard of massive gold idols and gem-set ornaments, a prehistoric hoard for which thousands of other men had searched in vain.

The story begins sometime ago in Yucatan, where for seven months I had been out of this modern world in the dense and isolated Rain Forest, looking for a lost Mayan city which I was sure had existed somewhere between the Caribbean

and the Pacific. I had come out of the jungle to shake the fever from my aching bones and to regain strength for another expedition back into the unmapped wilderness.

The lost city of my search had been, six centuries ago, the Mayans' greatest place of pilgrimage—the city of Yun Chac, the Rain God. I had flown zigzag patterns across the hot peninsula, making a photographic mosaic of the jungle sea, trying to spot islands which might mark the elevated site of the Rain God's gold-laden temples.

At last I had found a section of prehistoric highway, overgrown by centuries of jungle, but I had not been able to trace its continuity before the fever hit me. I had a pack-mule load of Mayan stone idols, carved from jade, obsidian

and snow-white calcite, which once decorated the highway, but I had only one little figurine of pure gold—a golden frog which had sat for centuries atop the skeleton of an ancient Mayan traveler who had died on the highway and been buried in a lonely grave.

Every time I looked at the squatting frog, my imagination, fired by malarial fever, concocted other gold images just out of reach. I was sure that, somewhere in the City of the Rain God, there would be a Temple of the Frog. The great idol of this ancient city might well have been a gigantic golden frog, a ton or more of solid gold, squatting in the ruins, waiting for me.

But now, back in the brilliant sunlight of Yucatan's modern capital, Merida, I was basking in the comforts of civilization. I lay in a big bed, waiting for the *mestizo* girl servant to bring me breakfast on a silver tray.

Merida was once the center of a wealthy sisal-growing industry, and many millionaire Yucatecan families had had sumptuous town houses along its palm-plumed *Avenida*. Now one of the most magnificent residences had been turned into a *pension* for paying guests. I was currently the star-boarder, for I had real *dinero*—Yankee dollars which many Yucatecan families were trying to hoard for a few weeks of New York pleasure and shopping.

"Enter!" I called as I heard the awaited knuckles on the door.

But it was not the serving girl. It was old Tio Juan, uncle of my *pension* hostess. He was a six-foot skeleton of a man, extremely thin, with fine Old World aquiline fea-

tures. I had met this patrician with a lean and hungry look the previous evening, when he had come in from his impoverished sisal plantation to tell colorful tales of colonial Yucatan days. Now he fumbled in his old black coat, then handed me an ancient velvet case.

"Ssshhh!" he cautioned, raising a scrawny forefinger. "Speak softly, *Señor*, or we may be overheard!"

I opened the case, revealing a glittering gold dagger unlike any knife I had ever seen. The eight-inch blade was two-edged; the handle was elaborately carved in the form of a serpent with two heads, each inset with emerald eyes.

"A Mayan sacrificial knife!" Don Juan whispered.

"Not *my* kind of a souvenir!" I said, hastily removing my fingers from the razor edges.

"I have 27 such knives!" he whispered, "and 20 others with blades of jade!" Then he added dramatically: "On my plantation, I have a well full of Mayan, Toltec and Aztec gold!"

"Si?" I asked skeptically.

"Si, *Señor*!" he insisted. "Once a year the heathens made sacrificial offerings to their gods. They killed a virgin, threw her body into a limestone well, threw in the sacrificial knife and many other offerings of gold!"

"I have taken a great treasure out of that well, *Señor*, and hid it in another *cenote*. Will the *Señor Norte Americano* help me get it out of Yucatan before the *Federales* discover my secret?"

He saw my skepticism, for I did not try to hide it.

"Si, *Señor*!" he continued. "The *Federales* have put many taxes on



me and I owe them much money. If they know I have this gold, they will confiscate it, *pronto!* No passport will they issue for me until I pay the taxes. Here I am, a prisoner in Yucatan!

"Me, Juan Alberto Ricardo Francisco Montejo y Romero, a prisoner of ignorant *Federales!* Tax, tax—that's all they think about! Please, *Señor*, do me the great favor of offering help."

Just then, a knock on the door saved me from making an immediate answer. "Enter!" I called. *Don Juan* hastily hid the knife case under his coat.

"We can have another talk—another day," I said as the sloe-eyed girl placed a loaded tray on the bedside table.

"A tremendous profit, *Señor*," the old man said cryptically as he backed out of the room.

"*Cuidado!*" the girl said. "He is an expert at taking dollars from strangers!" She laughed softly. "He is full of schemes for getting as rich again as he once was."

"Thanks, *niña*," I said. "I'll be *cuidado!*"

Later in the day, my *pension* hostess added her caution to her servant's. Tio Juan, she warned, was the black sheep of the family. As a youth he had squandered hundreds of thousands of pesos in riotous living—in Yucatan and Paris.

"Could he, by chance," I asked, "have found Mayan gold?"

"No, no!" she said. "That's just a story he makes up to get money from *turistas!* Bah! He's so poor he can't even pay his taxes!"

Warned by this inside gossip, I decided that Uncle Juan would get

none of my gringo dollars. And during the remainder of the fortnight I spent at the *pension*, I did not see the old man again.

When at last I felt strong enough for the jungle, I loaded six fresh mules, hired ten Indians and disappeared into the Yucatan peninsula. Back on the prehistoric highway, I set to work again, spearing

the jungle floor with crowbars to trace the route of the ancient surface. But it was tedious work, handicapped by swarms of insects, snakes, and torrential rain.

One by one, my Indian helpers quit, vanishing into the back trail without saying adios or collecting their pay. Finally I realized that I had, this time, tackled an expedition that was too tough for any lone white man. To trace this prehistoric highway and unearth an ancient city actually required an expeditionary force of laborers, machinery, equipment and autogiro planes.

"Okay!" I said to myself. "Get out of this festering jungle! Collect more equipment, and then return to do the job properly!"

But I certainly felt deflated when I again reached the safety and comfort of Merida. A few miles away, at the port of Progreso, a ship was ready to sail for New York. I boxed a ton of interesting but intrinsically valueless archaeological souvenirs (which I ultimately gave to a museum) and hastened to the gangplank. As I relaxed in my cabin, I told myself that I had better stick to tracing oil or diamonds where Nature had hidden them, and let other men



hunt for treasure-troves of ancient gold and jewels.

I was, in fact, giving myself quite a good hindsight lecture when a steward knocked and handed me a message. "Glad to know you're aboard," it said. "Come to my cabin as soon as we are at sea and I'll show you something!" It was signed "E.H.T."

The only E.H.T. I could recall was a man I had casually known at the excavated ruins of Chichen Itza—an ex-U. S. consul who had retired to what I thought of as a rather lazy and isolated life, in a small bungalow surrounded by flower gardens on the edge of the Mayan ruins.

Half an hour later I went to Cabin B and Thompson greeted me. "*Saludo!*" he said. "Adios Yucatan! Adios rain and mosquitoes! Adios quinine and fever!"

"Why so happy?" I asked.

"Because of what I'm taking out of Yucatan!" He waved my attention to stacks of metal canisters along the wall, each with its own padlock. Then he unlocked and raised the lid of one container. Packed between layers of an old blanket I saw a glittering array of jewelry, heavy gold necklaces, gold wrist and arm bands, earrings, rings set with emeralds, gold chains thicker than my thumb . . .

"This is Mayan gold!" he cried. "And all mine!" Again he waved to the canisters. "Twenty-eight cases of it!"

"Where," I gasped, "did you find it?"

"That's my secret!" he said. "Finding it was one job. Getting it out of Yucatan was another!" He reached under his bunk pil-

low and handed me a long object. Suddenly, the blood was pounding in my temples. It was the velvet case old Tio Juan had brought to my bedroom. And inside the case was the wide-bladed sacrificial knife he had shown me.

"I have 26 other knives equally magnificent!" Thompson gloated. "And five canisters of jewelry that I haven't had time to check and itemize yet."

I smoked my cigarette to its bitter end, then asked: "How much did you pay Don Juan?"

"Don Juan?" said Thompson, sparring for time.

"Yes!" I insisted. "Full name, Juan Alberto Ricardo Francisco Montejo y Romero!"

Thompson blinked nervously. "Oh," he finally remarked, "that's the name of the old Yucatecan who died last week on his sisal plantation, isn't it?"

The atmosphere in the cabin became increasingly tense. I knew at least a part of his secret. And he was trying to figure out just how much I knew.

"Let's cut the double-talk," I said finally. "You got the gold from Tio Juan. I don't want any part of it!"

"You don't think I killed him?" he asked nervously.

"Did you?" I challenged.

"Certainly not!" Thompson sputtered. "Don Juan's heart finally gave out. He was writing a nasty letter to the Federal tax collectors and suddenly he boiled over—a stroke!"

"Witnesses?" I suggested.

"Yes," he said. "This!" Thompson handed me a small memorandum book, unused except for some

nervous writing on the first page.

"To Don Eduardo, E. H. Thompson, I give all my possessions this day, free and clear of taxes by the Federales. My only friend in Yucatan!" It was signed and dated a week previous.

I just sat there on the edge of Thompson's bunk, looking at the capisters. Well, this was a treasure I certainly missed! Tio Juan had spoken the truth at my bedside. But I had been too skeptical to pursue it. Instead I had gone off into the jungle on a fool's expedition—when the real treasure had been right within my reach.

"Years ago," Thompson said quietly, "when I retired from the Consular Service, I figured I had best stay in Yucatan where living was cheap. I could amuse myself digging in the Mayan ruins; maybe I'd find something valuable. But, shucks, it was old Don Juan who hit the jackpot!"

I said: "He offered to share it with me, once. But his niece at the *pension* told me he was a black sheep of the family, always trying to sell gold bricks to tourists!"

"Where Mayan gold was concerned he was no fake," Thompson said. "He stumbled on the gold by

accident, while tracing an underground water pipe to his hacienda. After you passed him up, he came to me to make a deal. He wanted me to take the discovery to New York, then he would join me and we would share the fortune equally, piece by piece as it was sold to museums. Not a bad proposition!

"Then came the stroke. I was sitting there as he wrote his final tirade to the Federal officials. When he realized the end had come, he grabbed this notebook, scribbled in it and handed it to me."

Thompson paused, pleased with his affluence. "Haven't the least idea what it's worth," he chuckled, "but the gold value alone will give me a quarter of a million dollars. Nice inheritance, hey?"

A very nice inheritance, I agreed—but a memorable loss for me! And I only tell this story of how unwarranted skepticism cost me a Mayan treasure because there may be a useful moral in it for others. Many great fortunes have been lost by men who were too skeptical to believe what another man told them. And there will be others in the future who will let even greater fortunes pass them by—for lack of faith in some fellow man.

## Northern



## Hospitality

A CERTAIN HOTEL OWNER in the Catskill Mountains has built a substantial following by catering to honeymooners. Whenever they check in at his resort, he celebrates the occasion by having them plant a small tree on the grounds. He then marks the tree with an engraved silver plate bearing their names and the date of their marriage. Naturally, with such a personal interest on the grounds, the couples return year after year to make certain that their trees, like their love, are enduring.

—HY GARDNER



AS I SAT IN MY ROOM today, I had one of those sudden impressions of rare beauty that come and go like flashes, leaving one wishing for a similar experience.

The materials were simple and familiar enough. My room looks out into a little court; there is a plot of grass, and to the right of it an old stone wall, close against which stands a row of aged lime trees. Straight opposite, at right angles to the wall, is the east side of the Hall, with its big plain traceried window enlivened with a few heraldic shields of stained glass.

While I was looking out today,

there came a flying burst of sun, and the little corner became a sudden feast of delicate color; the rich green of the grass, the foliage of the lime trees, their brown wrinkled stems, the pale moss on the walls, the bright points of color in the emblazonries of the window, made a sudden delicate harmony of tints.

Beauty seems to ebb and flow like some secret tide, independent alike of health or disease, joy or sorrow. There are times in our lives when we seem to go singing on our way, when the beauty of the world sets itself like a quiet harmony to the song we uplift.

From *A College Window* by A. C. Benson. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and John Murray, London.

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

# Week-end Vacations at \$6 Each



ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH

With ingenuity and teamwork, an ex-GI and his friends made their dreams come true

by LLEWELLYN MILLER

A FEW YEARS AGO, Pat Sweeney was like many another New Yorker. A former paratrooper who had learned to like living outdoors, he squirmed under the confining pattern of city life. Not even an interesting job in advertising could cure his yearning for the wide, open spaces.

When summer's heat began, Sweeney dejectedly foresaw dreary hours in sunless office, restaurants, night clubs and movie houses. He decided to escape, at least for the week ends. But how?

"There wasn't any place to go that was easy to get to, not too expensive and not all booked up in advance," he recalls. "What's more, spending every week end at a resort takes a big bite out of any budget.

But things were even worse when I stayed in town.

"By the time I took a girl to dinner, a show and a night club—the only place where many young people can sit around and talk—the budget had taken another beating, and I still had Sunday on my hands.

"I wanted to get outdoors without a lot of advance planning and expense. I wanted to be with people my own age. But there just didn't seem to be any answer."

However, as sun-hungry Sweeney moved around town, raising loud complaints, he discovered that he was not alone. Dozens of his friends, both men and women, felt just as he did. So he began to ask questions.

He found that most provident young career people saved for a two-week summer holiday, but

spent the other 50 week ends in town because they had no choice. Some rode subways or busses to beaches, but were exhausted from fighting homeward-bound crowds the same night. Quite a number admitted frankly that they dreaded week ends.

As the answers continued to follow the same pattern, Sweeney began to formulate an idea. Then he decided to take out a GI loan to prove he was right. Finally, he started to look for land.

In January, 1948, he found what he wanted, a little more than an hour from New York. The seven wooded acres near Keansburg, New Jersey, lay near the ocean, so there was good swimming. The tract was in the country but easy to reach by bus, train and car. There were stores near-by and good water.

The property lacked buildings but that was a negligible detail to an ex-paratrooper. In England, Normandy and Holland, Sweeney had lived in the Army's pyramidal tents, and he vastly admired their practical comfort in all weathers.

It was winter when he bought the land, but he pitched a tent, chopped a tree, built a fire and began planning. If his idea worked, he would have the kind of summer he wanted. If it didn't work, he would still have the land and would have lost only the \$1,000 he had decided to gamble on equipment to house 30 friends.

Actually, he did not exceed that unbelievably low figure, and he did provide shelter, bedding and tools for 30 people. How he accomplished all this will be an eye opener to others who want to experiment with a similar plan.

Sweeney's major investment was \$200 for five pyramidal tents, each of which houses six people comfortably. They were available at Army surplus stores all over the country, and ranged from \$35 to \$50 each. Used lumber for their flooring cost \$75. Fifteen double-deck bunks cost \$112.50 at \$7.50 each. Thirty mattresses cost \$150 at \$5 each. Sixty sheets ran to \$90, and 60 Army blankets added another \$165.

This left him with \$207.50 for mattress covers, pillows, cases and an assortment of hammers, nails, hatchets, axes, spades, shovels, lanterns, skillets, saws, buckets, basins and water tanks. He found everything he needed at the surplus stores, and within his figure.

During the spring, a couple of hardy volunteers helped him lay the floors and dig drainage ditches around the tents. By the end of May, Sweeney was ready to open "The Bivouac" for business.

His idea was that people would enjoy sharing the work of maintaining a week-end place, especially if that work gave them a change from city routine at a very small fee. He had estimated that if every member of the group made his own bed and did only one hour's work over the week end, The Bivouac could be maintained without professional help at small cost.

**S**WEENEY OPENED ON Decoration Day with an invited group of 30. When his eager friends arrived, they found their names posted on a bulletin board. Opposite each name was a small assignment.

One man had to distribute bedding. When it was issued, he had





completed his work for the week end and had no further obligation. Another man was instructed to attach a hose and fill the water tanks. One girl was assigned to put kerosene in the lanterns. Another had to carry them to the tents.

When such tasks were completed, everyone was free for hiking, swimming, sun-bathing, surf-fishing or any other diversion they wanted to find on Sweeney's property, or in near-by Keansburg, which offered golf, riding, movies and a dance hall.

That first night, there was a demonstration of something that was to be repeated over and over again all summer. One guest said: "This would be perfect if we had a camp-fire. How about chopping some small trees, Pat?"

"Great!" said Sweeney, picking up an ax himself.

Spontaneously his guests organized work parties. Some chopped, some sawed logs to proper length, some carried and stacked. Two girls went to the village for marshmallows. Others peeled switches on which to toast them. Everyone was busy, not by order but to make something they wanted.

Next morning, after beds had been made, most of the group went to the shore, but several stayed to prow around the camp.

"No swimming?" said Sweeney.

"Maybe later," they said. "What this place needs is a barbecue pit. If we cleared out a few trees this

week end, we could build one next week end. How about it?"

"Anything you want," replied Sweeney, "so long as it doesn't break the law."

With that, the group was off on a variety of enterprises. People who wanted to play baseball began to clear space for a diamond. An account executive who had never been nearer a kitchen than the Stork Club devised a barbecue turnspit. Another gentleman, who spent his working hours writing radio scripts, foraged for sweet corn. Two girls covered themselves with glory by running a garden hose into the top of a tent and inventing a shower.

"It sounds like Tom Sawyer getting his fence painted," says Sweeney, "except that they weren't doing any of these jobs for me. They were working on things that the whole group would enjoy."

"I started charging \$2 for the week end, but that wasn't enough to cover laundry, new equipment and replacement of lost or broken items, so I had to raise it to \$3 in order to break even. I didn't want the place to pay dividends. I just wanted to have some fun myself and to prove that other people could do the same without spending a fortune."

The problem of getting parents to approve week ends at The Bivouac for their daughters was solved by including some young married couples, by having one of Pat's sisters-in-law act as chaperone, and by assigning the women to one group of tents, the men to another. Likewise, the problem of week-end meals was soon eliminated. Since food could not be served at camp,



Sweeney convinced a near-by restaurateur to provide five consecutive meals for \$3 per person. Those who prefer more elaborate fare may dine at other restaurants in or near Keansburg.

By July 4th, The Bivouac was in full swing and there was a waiting list of 60. Sweeney was working every week end on the many details of getting his project under control, but he was rewarded by the obvious success of the venture. Everything, however, was not smooth sailing.

One night, for example, a bitter outcry came when it was discovered that the two girls responsible for filling lanterns had forgotten their task. Guests who had faithfully hewed wood and drawn water descended on Sweeney, crying, "It isn't fair!"

"Don't complain to me," said Pat. "Complain to the girls."

"They've gone to the movies," said his indignant friends.

"Go get them!" said Pat.

A posse was selected and took off in Sweeney's station wagon, returning shortly with the crestfallen girls who filled the lanterns. Then they

were gallantly returned to the movies by their forgiving pals.

The way in which everyone who comes to The Bivouac sets about working for his or her own amusement and benefit spells an important social lesson to Sweeney.

"It shows that Americans are still a pioneer people, and that even city folk have a love of the land in their blood. But more important is the fact that young men and women are eager to work as a team in some common venture. None of us wants to be ordered or regimented, but all of us like to share the pleasure that comes from a campfire or a barbecue dinner, created by teamwork."

Sweeney makes no claim to originality with his back-to-the-land movement. He has merely given some of his city-bound friends a chance to make their summer dreams come true. Anyone in any community may adopt his plan. In fact, he would be glad if they did, for his happy campers prove that, through teamwork, young men and women can enjoy summer week ends—for only \$6 each.

### Color Scheme

A YOUNG LADY ENTERED a ladies' lingerie shop and asked to be shown some silk pajamas. "What color?" asked the salesgirl.

"I'm going to be married next week," was the reply, "and I'm wondering what colors are appropriate for a bride."

"White is the preferred color if it's your first marriage," answered the girl. "If you've been married before, it's lavender."

The customer hesitated, then said, "Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee bit of lavender."

—PAUL STEINER

# New Help for ALCOHOLICS

by DOROTHY HUNTER

Relatives of habitual drinkers have found a novel way of dealing with their problem

I AM NOT AN ALCOHOLIC. I don't even like to drink. Yet I, and thousands of others in my position, have an alcoholic problem as overwhelming as that of any man or woman who imbibes to excess.

I am the wife of an alcoholic, a member of that vast, unheralded company of persons whose destinies are linked inextricably with those of the intemperate.

A great deal has been written recently about alcoholism. Much of it suggests that the problem is one only for the alcoholic himself. Actually, his problem often is overshadowed by the supplementary problems it breeds among mothers and fathers, wives and children, who find themselves constantly confronted by situations demanding miracles of tact.

Guidance and help have been available increasingly of late to the alcoholic. Doctors have grown more and more concerned with his case; clinics have been established for his care; and, for companionship in trouble and possible cure, he can turn to that wonderfully understanding organization, Alcoholics Anonymous.

But where could those who suffered indirectly from his complaint

go with their troubles? Until recently, they could depend only on the uncertain, frequently dangerous advice of friends. Adrift on an uncharted sea, the relatives of alcoholics would find themselves blown one way by passion and despair and the next minute blown just as erratically the other way by hope.

Now, some of them have found a new course to follow. In a number of communities they have begun to form informal organizations of their own, appropriately called Non-Alcoholics Anonymous. At meetings, the members' problems are discussed and solutions suggested. In our town, such a group is now functioning, and is gradually proving its worth to many people who had almost given up in despair.

For the help and solace it may offer to others whose cases are similar to ours, I am giving a condensation of the thoughts and experiences of members of our particular group. Since our meetings are largely discussions of anonymously written questions handed to the chairman, I am making my report in question-and-answer form, covering some of the situations which seem to be common to all of us.

*Question:* Can a wife or husband

"talk" an alcoholic into giving up his drinking?

*Answer:* No! Nagging, or even a reasonable argument, will accomplish nothing until the alcoholic has made the decision by himself, uninfluenced by another.

This fact is one of the bitterest which must be faced by the mate of an alcoholic. Love does not enter into the situation, for it has been proven innumerable times that no real and lasting reformation can be accomplished except from within the victim.

The most that a nonalcoholic can do is to maintain a detached attitude as each episode occurs, be ready to deal intelligently with each situation, *and to cooperate* with the alcoholic's first fumbling steps toward reform. This requires real strength and staying power, to be sure, but it has been rewarded in thousands of cases.

*Question:* Should we allow our natural fear and worry to be seen by the alcoholic when he is in the first stages of sobriety?

*Answer:* No. We must show only confidence, no matter how many times our hopes have been shattered in the past. This is not as dishonest as it may sound; having gone through years of lies and subterfuges forced upon us by excessive drinking, we must now use this strength to win and hold tolerance and faith.

*Question:* How can the mate of an alcoholic "stop worrying"?

*Answer:* First, analyze the situation, putting it on paper to clarify it in your own mind. Then, think of the worst that could possibly happen; *accept the possibility that it might happen*; and then start constructive

thinking about what, if anything, can be done to remedy matters. Usually, this will bring an automatic release of tension and fear.

*Question:* What is the best attitude to take during the difficult times when an alcoholic is sullen and morose, or just plain bad-tempered?

*Answer:* These periods usually occur during intervals between "bouts" and indicate the poor adjustment of the personality to daily living, which is intensified a hundredfold by the pressure of abstinence. We have found that keeping busy with our own affairs, leaving the offender *gracefully* alone and being emotionally objective about the situation are the greatest helps in "riding out the storm."

*Question:* Should a mate accompany the alcoholic on his rounds during drinking bouts?

*Answer:* No. Many of us have done this, thinking our presence would reduce his drinking, or protect him from possible disaster as a result of his inability to cope with situations while intoxicated. What we actually do is furnish a "crutch" for him to lean upon. We also supply a basis for the ever-ready comment that we don't seem to mind his drinking—we have even joined him at it. The sooner we refuse to let ourselves be so used, the quicker his recovery.

*Question:* Is it wise for the mate of an alcoholic to accept or serve drinks while the other is trying to "stay sober"?

*Answer:* This is a problem which the individual must solve for himself. In some cases, it has been possible for the mate of an alcoholic to drink *where other people are present*, without having any harmful effect

on the alcoholic. It has been the consensus of our experiences, however, that it is unwise for the non-alcoholic mate to drink *when they are alone*.

If the question arises during a social gathering where it might emphasize the alcoholic's refusal of drinks, it is better to accept a drink than to cause the alcoholic embarrassment.

*Question:* What is the best handling of the situation when children are involved?

*Answer:* Until a child is 12, it is preferable to minimize the situation. Pass over it by saying that father or mother is indisposed but will soon be better. Try to avoid contact between drinker and child until the current storm has passed. When this is not physically possible, be alert to act as a buffer between them whenever necessary.

If both parents are working, it is advisable to leave the child with some member of the family or close friend until the responsible parent has finished the day's work and returned home.

When a child has reached an age where he can absorb the knowledge, explain briefly that his father or mother is the unfortunate victim of a disease similar to diabetes; that these people drink too much because they have not yet learned that they have an ailment which can be helped.

Tell the youngster the simple facts about alcoholism—its slowly progressing pattern—and that it is the combined effect of wrong thinking plus a body chemistry which does not tolerate alcohol that makes these people act as they do.

Some readers will exclaim: "How

dreadful to tell a young child that his parent does not think rightly!" Is that worse than having the child labor, through misunderstanding the problem, under the shame and disillusionment of having a "drunk" for a parent?

Today's children are wise in the ways of this world, and any mother or father who believes that she or he can conceal drunkenness is acting like the proverbial ostrich.

THESE ARE ONLY a few of the basic problems confronting every man or woman who has an alcoholic in the family. Many more have been discussed, each meeting bringing forward new ones or old ones with a slightly different angle. It would be impossible in one article to encompass the whole of our program.

But to the wife or husband of an excessive drinker, our recommendation is this: quietly, without preliminary talk with the alcoholic, call the organization known as Alcoholics Anonymous and learn the location of the AA group nearest you. If the organization is not listed in your telephone directory, a discreet inquiry of your family physician or clergyman will bring the information.

Ask the AA member to whom you are referred what can be done to help solve *your* problem. Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for an open facing of the problem with the mate, but in any event, the AA member will tell you whether there is a Non-Alcoholics Anonymous group, such as ours, actively functioning in your vicinity.

Some time ago, there were chapters in places as far apart as Long Beach, California; Toronto, On-

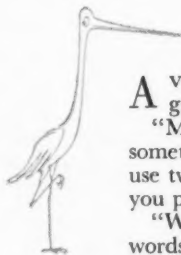
tario; Edmonton, Alberta; Richmond, Virginia; Washington, D. C.; Syracuse and Rochester, New York. Since then the number of chapters has increased, for many men and women, constantly seeking a solution to the problem of alcoholism, are adopting our method of attacking it.

We all know the powerful release from tension and worry that comes with the opportunity to unburden ourselves to an unbiased person. The very act of putting into words the sinister fears besetting us brings a soothing effect which aids constructive thinking. In our group, there has been no instance of malicious gossip or morbid dwelling upon anyone's past; in fact, names

are rarely heard in talking of a particular problem.

Any person who has an alcoholic in his or her family is eligible for membership in our group. The name, Non-Alcoholics Anonymous, has at times misled prospective members into thinking they could not participate in our program unless they themselves gave up drinking entirely. This is not true, for the obvious reasons given above.

Our experience has taught us that there is definite hope for those who face the alcoholic problem—provided we are willing to work for “the serenity to accept the things we cannot change; the courage to change the things we can; and the wisdom to know the difference.”



### The Children's Hour

A VERY NICE OLD LADY had a few words to say to her granddaughter.

“My dear,” said the old lady, “I wish you would do something for me. I wish you would promise me never to use two words. One is swell and the other is lousy. Would you promise me that?”

“Why, sure, Granny,” said the girl. “What are the words?”

—LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND, GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO.

THE VETERAN DECIDED not to inform his little son Allen of the impending arrival of the stork, but as the months progressed the secret grew more difficult to conceal. Finally the stork dropped his bundle from Heaven and the father broke the news to his son.

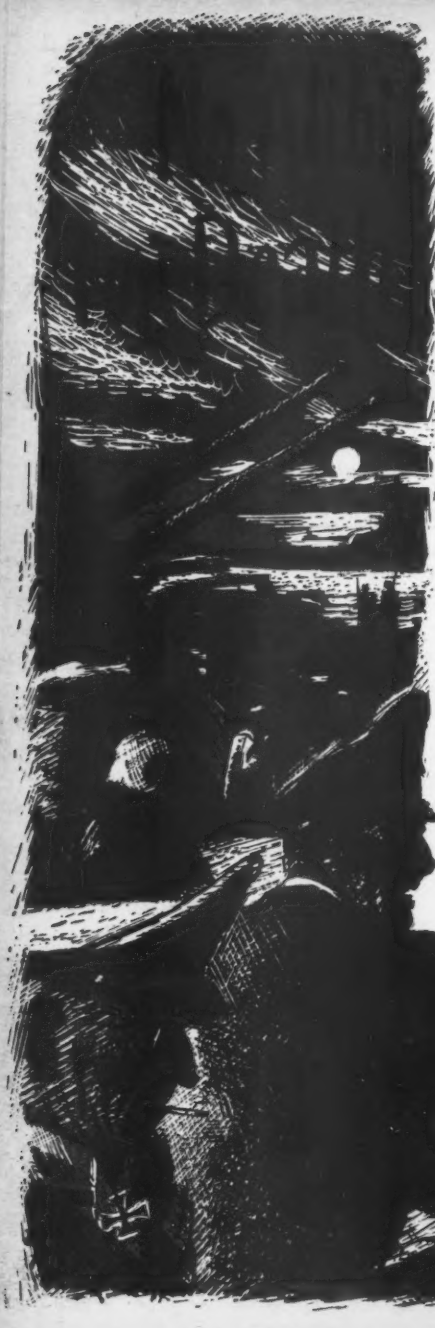
“The stork has been flying over our house,” explained the father. “He’s swooping around.”

“I hope he doesn’t scare Mommy,” replied the lad. “She’s pregnant, you know.”

—*Swing Magazine*

RECENTLY DURING a local horse show, a little four-year-old girl was thrown three times from her frisky pony. The last time she lay very still, and when attendants rushed up to see if she were hurt, she replied, “No—Pansy is standing on my pigtail.”

—MRS. ALYCE A. BRUNBERG



by LOUIS McLAIN

THE MOST CONSPICUOUS thing about Albert Jensen was his inconspicuousness. His eyes, his face, his figure, all looked as if they might belong to anybody.

However, behind the anonymous facade, Jensen lived a dream life of his own. While his body pursued a prosaic existence, his mind went thundering off on adventures. To keep from splitting apart, he had to find a compromise between taste and talent. At length he found one. He became a mystery-story writer.

It wasn't a perfect solution, but it was better than being a clerk, for at least it offered vicarious pleasures. It also offered recognition and an income.

When World War II engulfed Jensen's native Denmark, he got his first chance to play the role of one of his own heroes. An early recruit to the Underground resistance movement, he joined a sabotage cell led by Valdemar, Count of Rosenborg, dashing nephew of the King. As he skulked through alleys, tossed grenades and shot pistols, Jensen was happy—until fate double-crossed him.

It occurred to Rosenborg one



day that arrests among his company might be reduced if men assigned to dangerous missions were provided in advance with alibis. His next thought was: "Why can't Jensen do the providing? He used to write detective yarns."

So Jensen began making up alibis for other members of the group. Thanks to his industry, no Danish saboteur ever blew up anything without having ready an innocent reason for being on the scene, and a plausible account of what he had been doing the past 24 hours.

Striking proof of the system's effectiveness came on June 22, 1944, when the Dansk Industri Syndikat, a Copenhagen munitions plant, suffered a crippling explosion. The Nazis arrested Rosenberg and 11 colleagues, but the saboteurs were questioned and released. Jensen's alibis had done their work.

But Jensen, now too valuable to be risked unnecessarily, found himself stuck at his typewriter. For ten weary months, he performed his distasteful alibi chore, resisting all temptations to excitement. Finally he weakened.

In September, 1944, he met a man connected with another sabotage cell, and listened enviously to

an account of his experiences. "I'd give an arm to be doing that sort of thing again," said Jensen.

His friend not only sympathized but promised to let him know the next time something good turned up. Four days later, the call came.

A German destroyer was taking on supplies in Copenhagen harbor. Leaning on the rail, watching the loading, a Nazi officer called: "What's that you've got?"

Two Danish stevedores, carrying a wooden case, gazed up uncomprehendingly. Stenciled on the case was the word "Champagne."

"Bring it up here," ordered the officer. The pair retreated obediently to the dock, but there one of them broke and ran. His companion was wrestling with the case when guards closed in. Other guards caught the runner at the gate.

When the case of "champagne" was opened, it was found to contain dynamite. If all had gone according to plan, the destroyer would have been blown to pieces.

The stevedore who had tried to run was Albert Jensen. The following week he was taken out and shot.

After almost a year of furnishing others with alibis, Jensen had forgotten to furnish one for himself!



# The Quiz Key to Our Future



by **ROBERT P. BRUNDAGE**

“**W**HAT DIFFERENCE does it make what I think about vacuum cleaners?”

Mrs. Smith, a Brooklyn housewife, asked herself that question as she closed the front door behind the woman with the brief case.

The woman was an interviewer for Crossley, Inc., opinion pollers. She wanted to know what kind of vacuum cleaner the Smiths used and how they liked it.

Mrs. Smith would have gotten the point if, three weeks later, she could have sat in a sumptuous office and watched the board of directors of one of America's big household-appliance companies make a decision involving millions of dollars and thousands of jobs.

She would have listened as the distinguished gentlemen discussed a 61-page report from Crossley, telling what Mrs. Smith and 5,029 other housewives thought about vacuum cleaners. Late that after-

Don't close your door on the market researcher; his questions may help you!

noon, she would have heard them vote radical changes in their next cleaner to make it lighter and easier to handle. And she would have remembered how she had complained to the interviewer that her vacuum cleaner was too clumsy.

Whether the subject is vacuum cleaners, breakfast foods or labor relations, words from plain Americans carry a lot of weight these days. Finding out what America thinks and wants is one of the nation's precocious, booming businesses. Through opinion polls, Sam and Sally Citizen can, like medieval kings and queens, express their pleasure and watch industrialists and politicians scurry to do their bidding. Yet it was the same plain American who gave public-opinion polls their collective black eye in last November's Presidential election. On November 3, a bewildered “What happened?” was shot at the Messrs. Gallup, Roper and Crossley.

“What happened” was that pollsters made mistakes in sampling,

in canvassing politically impotent cross sections and incorrectly interpreting information received. Also, they tried what commercial polls rarely attempt: to *predict* behavior rather than to *evaluate* past and present facts and attitudes. There is thus a wide gap between the cold, down-to-earth questioning of business research and the far less accurate mind tapping of political-opinion surveys.

But despite the fact that opinion polls blanket American life today, most people know little about them. They have heard of Gallup Polls, of course, yet Gallup did not originate public-opinion polling. Moreover, opinion polling represents only a fraction of the enormous interviewing business. A much larger volume of work is handled by firms which conduct "marketing research." Rather than ask people's preferences regarding national issues, they ask them what they think about things and products.

These pollsters do a business of many millions a year. The questions they ask lead to decisions which mean more than a billion dollars a year to American industry, including such corporate giants as General Motors, Ford Motor, General Foods, Procter & Gamble, Lever Brothers, Swift, General Electric, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, Standard Oil of New Jersey, General Mills and Shell Oil.

ONE OF THE CHIEF USES of market research is to remove the guesswork from selling. Take the garment industry. Anticipating the colors and styles that women will go for is its bread and butter. Last year, the National Mallinson Fab-

rics Corporation of New York City hired Benson & Benson of Princeton, New Jersey, to ask women what dress colors they would prefer. The results showed this:

Blondes, brunettes, redheads and grayheads usually voted for dark green for sports dresses, bright blue for afternoon dresses. All except grayheads wanted dark aqua for evening dresses; they favored pink.

One of the best-selling lines of table silver to reach the market in the last ten years owed its success to research. Company policy makers were about to shelve the pattern as too unusual. But a survey of prospective brides indicated it would be a runaway hit. It was.

Many surveys, however, raise Stop rather than Go signals. A nationally known soft-drink manufacturer was about to market a new soft drink when a survey showed that the market was virtually saturated with drinks of this kind. A leading household-products company was thinking of changing its name to the name of its best-known product. A survey advised against it—and the company took the hint.

Other concerns have used surveys to explore markets and help them decide whether to expand. A small Midwestern manufacturer was making an important part for electric motors by hand labor. He wanted to go into mass production, but he wasn't sure that public demand would justify the change.

This manufacturer hired Stewart-Dougall & Associates to survey the motor industry and ask customers how many of his commuters they needed and what sizes they would like. It turned out that there was plenty of demand, and

## There's a Difference

UNTIL THE ELECTIONS last November, when forecasts of anticipated votes were proven fallible, the public saw little difference between a political poll and a market analysis. Since the election of President Truman, research organizations have been anxious to stress this difference. Thus, C. E. Hooper, who measures the size of

radio-listening audiences, declares:

"The failure of the election forecasts affects us in no way whatsoever. We have never conducted that type of poll. When we check on the number of people tuned in on a radio program, we don't ask them what they are going to do. We ask what they are doing while they are doing it."

the manufacturer expanded successfully.

Opinion research is also handy at uncovering flies in the ointment. After the war, a major oil company decided to paint all its service stations. Officers of the company disapproved of the color which the sales department recommended, but salesmen reported that station operators liked it. So the company decided to paint all stations in one state and see how the color looked.

It looked awful. The company asked one research organization to interview some operators and find out why they liked it. Two weeks later, the report came in that none of them liked it. The researchers learned that company salesmen had gone around and asked: "How'd you like to have this place painted?"

"You bet!" every operator had replied readily.

"You like this color, don't you?"

"Sure," they said. "It's all right."

They didn't mean that, of course. But none of their stations had felt a paintbrush since before the war. It sounded like a "take it or leave

it" proposition. They said "Yes" just to get the job done.

Almost every phase of modern life has been probed in an effort to give 146,000,000 Americans what they want. Once, there was a poll to find out how late patrons wanted an art museum to stay open in the afternoon. There also was one to find out who reads comic books.

Before investing in the Pimlico Race Track in Baltimore, a businessman had Benson & Benson poll persons in the upper income bracket in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington and Washington to find out how many were interested in racing as a sport.

Many corporations lean on community-opinion polls. A Southern power company staved off government ownership by acting quickly when a poll showed it was unpopular in a certain area. Training a crew of trouble shooters, it sent them to ask local housewives how they liked the service and whether the crew could be of help—fixing the iron or something. When the area was repolled two months later,

most customers thought the utility company was wonderful.

Surveys known as "attitude studies" are popular in the industrial field. Not long ago, the personal opinions of several thousand workers were responsible for charting the course of Ford Motor Company labor relations.

For ten years, Elmo Roper, who does the public-opinion polls for *Fortune* magazine, had asked American workers what they wanted from their jobs. Finally he announced his conclusions. Labor cares most about 1) a sense of security; 2) an opportunity to advance; 3) treatment like human beings rather than numbers on a pay roll; 4) a sense of human dignity through feeling their work is useful to society as a whole.

Learning of Roper's research, Henry Ford II decided to base the labor-relations policy of his company upon it, and hired Roper to study what Ford employees liked and disliked about their jobs. This survey reinforced his convictions that Roper's four points are the answer to labor peace.

"Do you know why?" asks Ford. "Because they came right out of the mouth of labor."

Among the several dozen companies that do some form of marketing research, there are a number of specialists—like the A. C. Nielsen Co. of Chicago. Nielsen's, which does an annual business of several million dollars, specializes in drug-store and grocery marketing sur-

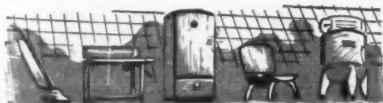
veys. Bimonthly, Nielsen's audits invoices, inventories, prices and displays in about 6,000 typical food, drug, department and variety stores in the U. S., the United Kingdom, Canada and Australia. Leading food and drug manufacturers find Nielsen's data invaluable in their operations.

In the radio research field, C. E. Hooper of "Hooperatings" reports audience listening with 10,500,000 phone calls a year. "Hooperatings" are published twice a month and tell how programs rate with the urban public. Hooper compiles them by having 1,200 interviewers in 36 cities call people all day long and ask them what program they're listening to.

Pretesting motion pictures is another specialty, the province of Audience Research, Inc., of Hollywood and New York. ARI asks people what they think of proposed titles, plots, stars and the movies themselves. At a special preview, each of 100 spectators is given a dial marked "Like Very Much," "Like," "Neutral," "Dull," "Very Dull." He is asked to keep the dial switched to the way he feels at each moment of the picture. Then the composite audience reaction comes out on a single graph.

The firm of Daniel Starch and Staff of New York City specializes in measuring readership of advertisements. A number of advertising agencies, including J. Walter Thompson and Young & Rubicam, also do this type of research.

Several universities are active in the opinion field too, including Chicago, Michigan, Princeton, Harvard, the University of Washington and Iowa State. They are con-



cerned chiefly with developing new techniques of testing opinion.

The Harvard group is measuring, among other things, "intensity" of feeling—that is, how to tell when an interviewee is aroused enough about his opinions to try to change the opinions of others. And the Iowa State researchers have been experimenting with "area" studies, taking a section of a city and interviewing everyone in several blocks.

Of America's 94,000,000 adults, probably not more than 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 have ever been sampled in an opinion poll. But the average person's chances of being interviewed are increasing. If he is middle-aged, he has a 50-50 chance of being polled before he dies. If he is in his teens, the odds are even better, for pollers are already complaining that some parts of the country, like Queens, Long Island, have been "over-interviewed."

Recently, Archibald Crossley conducted a survey for a pharmaceutical firm on how often and how

severely people catch cold. The survey started him thinking, and now he sees no reason why research can't get at the basic causes of the common cold—something that medicine itself is still in doubt about.

Crossley would have doctors ask a national cross section of cold sufferers questions like: "Do you think a lot? How much sleep do you get? Do you wear hat and rubbers when it rains? Do you sleep with the window open on cold nights?"

Crossley's idea is to punch the answers on cards and run them through a tabulating machine. If it turned out that a number of cold sufferers have a certain habit in common, such as sleeping with the window open, he would label that habit a probable cause of colds.

So when your doorbell rings and your caller asks a few questions, answer her as truthfully and comprehensively as you can. She will be giving you a chance to help build the kind of life and the kind of America that we all want.

## Looking Backward



THE SIGHT OF A MAN with his arm in a sling reminded Hollywood entrepreneur Ralph Blum of the story of a writer who also broke his arm.

"My trouble dates back to an evening five years ago," explained the writer. "I was staying at the Crillon in Paris, and the chambermaid came into my room with fresh towels. She was a gorgeous thing—blonde curls, blue eyes, shape that reminded me of a Hershey bar—you know, all the almonds in the right places. After she gave me the towels, she said softly,

'Is there anything else sir?' . . . 'Not a thing,' I assured her cheerfully.

'You are absolutely sure there is nothing I can do for you?' she persisted.

'Absolutely,' I said—so she left.

"Well, sir, last night I was standing on a ladder hanging a picture, when suddenly I realized what that girl was driving at five years ago. So I fell off the ladder and broke my arm."

—BENNETT CERF in the *Saturday Review of Literature*





## Songs We Remember

POPULAR TUNES are often melodies of the moment, catching the fancy for a few weeks, then fading into oblivion. But each year, because of a lilting melody or lyric, or because, like *School Days* (illustrated above), they capture the essence of a universal experience, a few songs persist in memory and gain new luster through the years.

Even though they may have been written only recently, they are known as the "old" songs—the familiar tunes that no one learns, yet everyone knows by heart.

Now, in a series of eight nostalgic paintings, Walter Richards symbolizes, in a CORONET album, some of mankind's best-loved songs—the songs we like to remember.



## *A Perfect Day*

Do you think what the end of a perfect day  
Can mean to a tired heart?  
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,  
And the dear friends have to part?\*

—CARRIE JACOBS BOND

CARRIE JACOBS BOND's lovely song of a sunset hour was first written as a poem. Months later, on a motor trip, she unconsciously began to sing the words of the poem, "You

have a new song, haven't you?" a fellow passenger inquired. And of the song that was to sell 4,000,000 copies, Mrs. Bond replied thoughtfully: "Well, maybe I have."

\* Copyright, 1910, by The Boston Music Company.



## *Home on the Range*

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

**J**OHAN A. LOMAX, a famous collector of cowboy songs, first recorded *Home on the Range* as it was sung for him by a Texas Negro who for years had bossed a chuck wagon.

Published by Lomax in 1910, it was virtually ignored for 20 years. Then, overnight, national acclaim made this simple American folk ballad one of our best-loved songs.



## *In the Gloaming*

In the gloaming, oh my darling,  
When the lights are dim and low,  
... Will you think of me and love me,  
As you once did long ago?

—META ORRED

ANNE HARRISON was a pretty Louisiana music teacher, who was courted by a dashing swain. When her mother disapproved, the couple met secretly in the garden. At last,

Anne was persuaded to end the romance, and with these words she set her heartbreak to music: "My heart was crushed with longing, what had been could never be."



## *Auld Lang Syne*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind,  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days o' auld lang syne?

—ROBERT BURNS

THE MUSIC of *Auld Lang Syne* is from a Lowland folk song. The words are also rooted in Scottish antiquity. Robert Burns heard the song, and rewrote it in the form that has

gained a lasting place in the affections of the world. Of the original composer, Burns wrote warmly: "Light lie the turf on the breast of this heaven-inspired poet."



## *Love's Old Sweet Song*

Tho' the heart be weary,  
Sad the day and long,  
Still to us at twilight  
Comes love's Old Sweet Song.

—G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

**G.** CLIFTON BINGHAM and J. L. Molloy, a successful team of song writers in the late 19th century, collaborated on *Love's Old Sweet Song*. Published in 1884, it won in-

stant popularity. Yet, unlike most commercial songs of the period, it has never grown old, and today retains a cherished place in the hearts of young and old alike.





## *The Lost Chord*

I know not what I was playing  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

—ADELAIDE PROCTOR

IN 1872, ARTHUR SULLIVAN tried to set *The Lost Chord* to music, but failed. In January, 1877, he was called to the bedside of his beloved brother, who was dying. For three

weeks he kept a lonely vigil. Then, one night, he read the poem again while his brother slept. By morning, the haunting, tragic music of the song was finished.



## *The Last Rose of Summer*

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone . . . .

—THOMAS MOORE

THOMAS MOORE, the Irish poet, revived many old Irish melodies. To one of these, in 1813, he wrote the simple, lovely words of *The Last Rose of Summer*. Yet the song might

have been doomed to obscurity had it not been incorporated into the opera *Martha* in 1847. In this setting, it gained world renown and lasting fame as a song of farewell.



# Patty Berg: *Golf's Best Friend*

A modest, warmhearted champion, she has won lasting fame in the annals of sport

by **OLGA DAVIDSON**

WHILE PLAYING an exhibition match last year, Patty Berg, the great woman golfer, caught the head of her club in a root and tore the ligaments of one hand. Her doctor examined the injury and shook his head forebodingly. If all went well, she might be able to play again—but not for three or four months.

"Three or four months?" exclaimed Patty. "I've got a tournament coming up in six weeks—the Western Open!"

"Impossible!" declared the doctor brusquely.

He couldn't have made an un-

happier choice of word. "Impossible" had been said to Patty before, and she had become allergic to it. From that moment on, her single determination was to prove the doctor wrong.

She succeeded, sensationally. Not only did she enter the Western Open but, ignoring the pain in her hand, she went on to conquer the almost unconquerable Babe Didrikson Zaharias and win the cup.

It takes more than skill to be a champion, say sportsmen, and Patty Berg is an outstanding example of the adage. She has that extra something—heart, spirit, the will to win—to a superlative degree. Few athletes have been dogged more

persistently by ill luck, and few have been more successful in overcoming it.

Since 1935, when she began playing in tournaments, she has won every important women's golf title in the U. S. Many of them—including the Western Open—have fallen to her more than once and in the face of obstacles formidable enough to have turned most players from golf to some quieter game, like bridge or chess.

However, while winning the hard way, she hasn't become hard herself, as many winners unfortunately do. Thirty-one years old now, Patricia Jane Berg still has the ingenuous charm that characterized her when she first began walking off with championships.

For nine years she has been one of the highest-paid women in professional golf, yet her father still manages her affairs and gives her an allowance. Though she has reached the top of her own field, Patty has never lost a childlike wonder at the skill of others. She thrills like a high-school girl over fine skating, and watches a triple play with the ardor of the most uninhibited fan in the bleachers.

The ladies of the Women's Western Golf Association, who have known Patty for years, are likely to refer to her as "that precious child" even to this day, and a growing following of nieces and nephews, real and adopted, call her Aunt Patty in acknowledgment of the generation that separates them from her, and then promptly treat her as if she belonged to their league.

Patty comes from a golfing family. Her father, a grain broker, has been described as a superb golf

technician. Both parents have won club or state championships, while her brother has held the amateur state title. These family triumphs are a matter of great pride to Patty, and she would rather talk about them than about her own celebrated achievements.

**P**ATTY'S DEBUT INTO the golf world, made when she was 15, was less a result of inclination than of circumstance. The neighborhood tomboy, Patty fancied herself a football player, and so did her brother Herman. Mrs. Berg, however, opposed her participation in such rude sports—without success.

The tide swung Mrs. Berg's way one afternoon when Patty, toggled out in a new dress, was hustled off by Herman to a game for which he needed a quarterback. The team won, but Patty came home in shreds. Even her father, who up to that point had indulged her football ambitions, agreed that her athletic talents must now be channeled into a ladylike sport.

Promptly a set of golf clubs was rounded up from family stock and Patty was turned loose on the course. But nobody dreamed that the time was not too far off when golf clubs designed to her specifications would bear her name and be sold in sport shops throughout the country.

Patty was what the golfing fraternity calls a natural. She mastered the game almost as soon as she learned the rules, and under the tutelage of her father and Les Bolstad, then a golf teacher, now a professor of golf at the University of Minnesota, she rapidly moved into Class A—ready for tourna-

ments though knowing nothing about them. Recently, Patty was expounding her latest interest—restoration of the Women's Western Championship for juniors.

"The kids need more tournaments," she asserted in characteristically explosive tones. "There are some awfully good juniors around the country and they need to meet each other to develop their styles and get stimulation.

"Lots of them are in small towns. You wouldn't believe it, but many never get a chance to play in a tournament—in fact, they don't even know what one is!"

Her face reddened with indignation, making a fine background for her freckles. "They're like me when I started out," she continued. "I never knew what a tournament was until I heard some folks talking about one in Kansas City. I don't think we pay enough attention to young players—and after all, they're the future of golf, aren't they?"

Once young Patty had heard of tournaments, she quickly got the hang of the thing. In 1936 she entered an even dozen, won five, placed in all. The following year she won four out of 13, placed in six. But in 1938, at the seasoned age of 20, she entered 13, won 10. That year, the sports writers voted her the outstanding woman athlete. And that year, too, when she captured the Western Open, she gave the board members of the association a unique experience.

As they assembled at the close of the tourney, to talk over high points of the play, someone heard a timid knock at the door. There stood the new champion, blushing and gulping. Then she bobbed her

head in a curious little way she still has, apologized for the intrusion, and said she had come to thank the ladies for the tournament and the fine way they had run it. The simplicity of the gesture charmed the

board. None of those present has ever forgotten the incident, nor fails to recall it with pleasure when Patty Berg is mentioned.

Patty started the following season in superb form. Wearing mementos of previous tournaments—a battered visor, a tacky little hat or a pair of sagging slacks that had brought her luck—she ambled around courses in the Southern circuit, chiding herself aloud when she made what she considered a boner, smiling shyly at the gallery or ignoring it altogether in her absorption in her game.

After she had won six of the seven tournaments she entered, it looked as if Patty were going to wrap up 1939 and take it home to the trophy room. But before the summer was well along she was in the hospital with appendicitis.

Before she had fully recovered, her mother died. A crushed Patty gave up all thought of playing for the rest of the year.

Prior to 1940, women golfers seldom remained long in the public eye. A few great players hit the sports pages for the duration of a tournament, then were forgotten except in the golfing world. If this is changed today—and in a considerable measure it is—much



credit can go to the little Berg girl from Minneapolis.

As early as 1939, the Wilson Sporting Goods Company had been considering an offer to Patty. Next year a company representative took a train from Chicago to Minneapolis with a contract and a check in his pocket. But he used neither on that first trip.

Sensing that money was not the right bait for this young golfer, Wilson's representative made his overtures more subtly. In Patty's earnest absorption not only in her own game but in golf for its own sake, he found the clue.

On three different trips he pleaded the advantage of professional over amateur golf, pointing out that the pro travels an immense circuit, taking in not only private clubs but public courses, colleges, driving ranges—in short, the whole world of golf. As a professional, Patty could serve the game, and especially women players, in ways not available to the amateur.

After a good deal of careful consideration, Patty took the step, and Wilson's man, not without relief, finally got rid of the check.

Patty started her professional career with what her employers called a "golf clinic." Traveling around, she gave demonstrations, tackled all problems of the golfer, analyzed errors, showed what from her experience she has found to be the right and the wrong way to do everything. Her earnest performance was formidable, and the duffers stood around admiringly, appreciating the perfection of her form. But most of her solemn remarks doubtless went in one ear and out the other.

Though Patty at this time did not practice the social graces with any great proficiency, she was warm-hearted, enjoyed people, pushed herself to overcome a native reticence. And fortunately, she had enough reserves of energy and stamina for a team of players.

In 1941, Patty had need of all these reserves. In Texas, a car in which she was traveling cracked up and Patty crawled from the wreckage with a shattered knee. At first, no one realized the severity of the injury. Then doctors said she might never play golf again.

With her leg still in a cast, Patty came to see her employers a month or two after the accident. After the greetings, nobody said much. Dragging the heavy cast, she took 15 minutes to cross the room. An old friend remembers the incident with awe.

"Her jaw was stuck out," he recalls, "and God only knows what she was feeling. I looked at her and thought to myself, it's good-bye for Patty."

But the clue to Patty's future could be read that day in the set of her jaw. For more than a year she followed a routine of rehabilitation and reconditioning that would have tried a Spartan youth. Adhesions complicated her recovery, and these had to be broken under general anesthesia.

Patty did bends, road work, calisthenics, cycling, punched a bag. She took every known treatment, every prescribed massage. To this day, her first act in the morning and the last at night is a careful massage of her never-fully-recovered knee.

By 1943, she felt she was ready for competition. In spite of a barely



concealed limp, she walked off with the Western Open, the All-American Open, was voted the outstanding woman athlete of the year and, as a climax to her magnificent comeback, walked straight into the Marine Corps W. R.

Patty might have been given the task of serving her country as a physical-education director, but the Marine Corps made better use of her. She was allotted a job in recruiting and in personnel relations. Also, she played exhibition golf matches to raise funds for war-service agencies.

Patty gave a good deal to the Marines—and got back as much. She developed poise and social bearing, learned to face crowds outside the shelter of her golfing paraphernalia, and perhaps most important of all, acquired the art of gay repartee. An obscured instinct for comedy emerged, which she soon converted into one of her most valuable assets.

When the war ended, Patty once more donned the well-cut skirts and cashmere sweaters of the golfer, gathered her luggage and started out again on her cross-country tours as roving ambassador for the grand old game.

THE ROBUST AND hilarious show which Patty puts on today is a far cry from the desperately serious performance of other days. Though frankly an act, it is never rehearsed and rarely is the same in two places. The setting may be the course of a country club, a college gymnasium, a public links, a sports show, a drive-in where customers rent balls by the bucket. Whatever the place, the sponsors know that in spite of



snow, sleet or storm, Patty will come as announced and go through her routine, whether the audience totals 30 or 3,000.

Patty encourages dialogue with the watchers, ad-libs with the skill of an old slapstick trouper. Caricature in her capable hands becomes a devastating weapon, illuminating every flaw in the duffer's game.

"I've been playing golf for 16 years," she told a gallery recently, "and I've never seen any holes that will come to you. You always have to go to them."

Though Patty's reputation by 1948 was established beyond doubt, she managed between arduous tours to gather fresh laurels. It was at this time that she tore the ligaments of her hand and was advised by her doctor not to enter the Western Open. After winning the tournament, she promptly turned back the \$500 check to the board, to be used for a junior tournament.

Sixteen years in golf have secured for Patty an enduring fame in the annals of an increasingly popular sport, and have made her name a clubhouse and even a household word. In sportsmanship, fellowship and generosity, she has no superiors

and few equals. In the small world of golf, where cliques and jealousy are not unknown, her popularity is freely acknowledged.

Patty's friends are counted not in scores but in hundreds. She has a phenomenal memory, recalling faces and names after many years. Her following is a cross section of the country's golf enthusiasts. Last summer, while she was touring the Midwest, a group of small boys followed her to eight different courses, regretfully informing her on the eighth that this was as far as parental permission allowed them to travel.

Patty's loyalties are boundless and abiding—loyalties to her family, to her college (she is probably the most rabid Gopher fan in the entire Northwest), to her friends, her employers, to every young and unknown golf player who ever has crossed her path.

Not long ago, Patty spent a few days at the home of a Chicago friend. One balmy evening, the friend suggested they drop in on a near-by driving range. They separated while picking out their clubs, and Patty was already on the range when her companion came out.

When they had finished, Patty again preceded her host. "Gee," said the proprietor of the range, "for a minute I thought that was Patty Berg."

Then, hearing it was none other, he departed in excitement to spread the news to other customers. Her host caught up with Patty and told what had happened.

"Why, he made the same remark to me!" Patty mused.

"What did you say?" demanded her friend.

"Nothing," said Patty, grinning shyly and favoring her lame knee as she ambled up the quiet street.



## Land of Promise

AN OLD ZIONIST was discussing the future of their country with an immigrant newly arrived in Israel. "We have a great task before us here," he said. "We must make of Israel everything that Moses foresaw for the promised land."

"Indeed we must," said the newcomer.

"We must make a Switzerland of Israel," the old-timer went on. "East and West may fight all around us, but we must keep ourselves detached from the fighting as the Swiss have done with

their policy of strict neutrality."

"Yes, yes," said the newcomer.

"We have few natural resources, but we must develop specialized industries and skills as the Swiss have," said the old-timer.

"Like the Swiss we must work hard to cultivate our lands and nourish our herds. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said the newcomer, "all but one thing."

"And what is that?"

"Why didn't Moses keep on walking till he got to Switzerland?"

—Time

# Do you know these skylines?

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

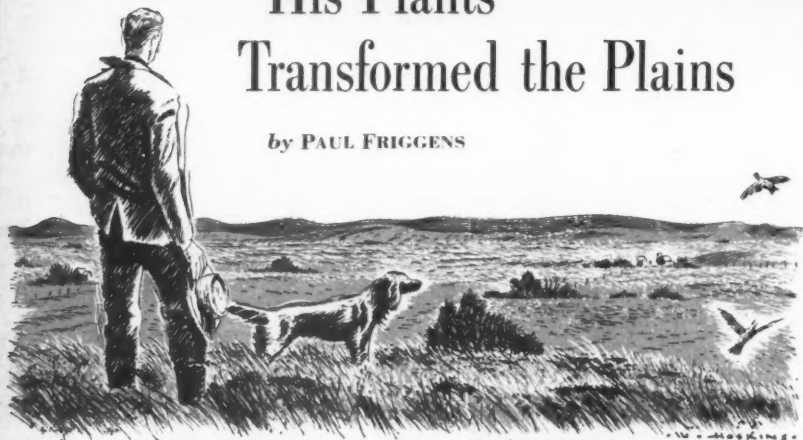


Silhouetted against history are these world-famous structures. Each drawing above represents a well-known feature in the skyline of a city — not necessarily American. Try your skill in identifying the silhouettes and matching them with the city names at the right. You will find the answers on page 152.

Rome	Agra	Washington, D.C.
San Francisco	Moscow	Pisa
Paris	London	Rio de Janeiro
New York	Venice	Berlin
Giza	Athens	Philadelphia

# His Plants Transformed the Plains

by PAUL FRIGGENS



Niels Hansen has explored the world to bring its choicest, hardiest crops to America

"SEE THAT GRASS?" says the Montana cattleman. "It's Crested Wheatgrass. Best feed we ever had out here. I just doubled the gain on my dogies."

Niels Hansen brought this grass from Asia's dust bowl, 50 years ago.

Next, you talk to a South Dakota farmer. His alfalfa hay is flowering, knee-high.

"We had a hard winter," he explains. "Then it got bone dry. But this Cossack alfalfa never killed out. I put the kids through school on alfalfa seed."

Niels Hansen discovered Cossack alfalfa in the Siberian wilderness, and with it helped to foster a revolution in forage practices on America's Great Plains.

A Nebraska ranch wife chats as she works among her hardy shrubs, fruits and flowers that make a garden of her prairie home. There are apples from Siberia, plums from

China, ornamental plants from other distant places, and a beautiful, thornless double rose.

"We never used to have such things," she says.

These, too, are mostly Hansen's discoveries, gathered by his own hand, nurtured and developed in a lifetime of service to the West's ranchers and farmers.

Niels Ebbesen Hansen is America's first great agricultural explorer. He risked death and bandits, braved desert heat, Arctic cold, and Asiatic cholera, to bring a new idea to world plant science and better living to the land west of the Mississippi.

His idea was that if the Northern plains didn't have the right kinds of crops to stand bitter winters and occasional droughts, he would scour the world to find them. He said. "I will follow the isothermal lines—the coldest in winter, the hottest in

summer. I will pick the areas corresponding to our own climatic problems and go there for my plant discoveries."

At 83, this indefatigable son of an immigrant Danish artist is still hard at work. If you are in Brookings, South Dakota, you will likely find the white-goateed Hansen trotting briskly about the big experimental gardens behind the State College campus, or busily engaged in his little office in the Horticulture Building. Regularly he walks three miles a day to keep fit, then tackles heavy mail and innumerable foreign-language plant journals (he can read seven languages).

For relaxation he romps with his grandchildren or composes poetry. Books and files crowd the four walls. His global field notes almost fill an adjoining room.

From this office, Secretary of Agriculture "Tama Jim" Wilson called young Hansen to his first big challenge a half-century ago. Hansen had been a brilliant student at Iowa State College, and in 1894 the school had sent him to Russia to study crop varieties there. Hansen came back with the idea that instead of trying to acclimatize existing crops at home, we should find hardy new varieties which nature had adapted over thousands of years in comparable climates.

Wilson agreed, so in the spring of 1897 Hansen found himself on the way to Asia. He reached the dry steppe region east of the Volga River during the summer. Coughing and choking in the stifling dust clouds, he poured water from his canteen on a sponge and tied it over his mouth in order to breathe.

As he traveled eastward, he no-

ticed that camels and other livestock in caravans appeared hardy and well-nourished, despite the dust-bowl conditions. He investigated, learned that they were eating a native grass called Gitniak.

Hansen brought Gitniak back to America and, though ironically it did not attract much attention until almost 20 years later—when it was first sown on the Great Plains—Gitniak has turned out to be the West's wonder grass.

They call it Crested Wheatgrass now. It possesses extraordinarily high food value, stands more abuse than any other grass, chokes out weeds and is fiercely resistant to extremes of heat and cold. Today, the grass is playing a major role in reclaiming millions of acres of abandoned and eroded range lands in the Western states and Canada.

The latest development from Crested Wheatgrass is "Fairway," good for stock feed and even for lawn and golf course. "I'm glad," says Dr. Hansen, "that I had a sponge to fight that dust. Otherwise, I might have turned back."

HANSEN BLAZED the trail for his second major contribution to Great Plains agriculture on the same trip. As he jolted across the trackless Turkestan steppes in a springless wagon, his keen eyes spotted something he had dreamed of—wild blue-flowered alfalfa! The enthusiastic Hansen jumped to the ground, eagerly collecting the sturdy plants. The millions of dollars' worth of winterkilled alfalfa and resulting livestock losses at home flashed through his mind. Could this be the cure?

To know, he would have to fol-

low the wild alfalfa to its northernmost limit. The season was late, but Hansen pushed ahead by sleigh into the frigid Siberian wilderness. Arctic blizzards sent the temperature 60 below zero, Hansen frosted his lungs, and winter at last blotted out the wild alfalfa trail.

Nine years later the tireless explorer resumed his search. There in the Siberian meadows near Irkutsk, he found that the blue-flowered alfalfa reached its northern limit and a more hardy yellow-flowered species began. Then he made the find of a lifetime. There on the lonely steppes grew two unusual plants, apparently a new species. Nature had made a perfect cross of the blue- and yellow-flowered plants and produced a natural hybrid—probably the world's hardiest alfalfa. Today, Hansen still thrills over that discovery.

From a half-teaspoonful of seed, the explorer developed Cossack alfalfa, the sturdy cold- and drought-resistant crop, rich in protein, that has had a vital influence on Great Plains forage practices. Thereafter, the Department of Agriculture launched an ambitious program of world plant exploration, leading to other important alfalfa introductions. By 1920, the Department was able to report: "Alfalfa has become in a generation almost the basic crop of the West."

Dry-land farmers grew Cossack where they never were able to grow alfalfa before. It did not winterkill. It brought farmers as much as \$5,000 in one year for seed, which went far to lift the mortgage, provide many of the comforts of home and send children to college. Today, many original Cossack plant-



ings—including one made as far back as 1911—are still growing.

Like a relentless detective, Hansen pursued new hopes for Plains farmers. He became interested in Hungarian or Austrian brome grass. He discovered that the seed did not come from Hungary or Austria, however, but from the Volga River region of Russia.

The total available seed the year he scoured the Volga was only 12 tons. Hansen cabled Wilson. Back came the reply: "Buy 12 tons."

From that shipment, brome spread over the West. Like Crested Wheatgrass, it extends the grazing season, halts erosion, resists cold and drought. But Hansen introduced another dozen grains and grasses besides, to say nothing of his introductions of wheat.

The versatile Hansen also brought the northern Plains a new day in fruits and flowers. He returned with the world's largest muskmelons from Bukhara and Samarkand, apricots from Manchuria, plums from China and Japan, grapes from the Holy Land, and double red Siberian roses.

On other trips, Hansen added thousands of new seeds and plants, and his crosses account for thousands more. At South Dakota State College, the horticulture department, trying to catalogue it all, has filled three bulky bulletins—and the end is not in sight.

"It will take us ten years to catch



up with him," confesses Prof. S. A. McCrory, head of the department. Hansen became professor emeritus in 1937.

The Danish-born plant breeder revolutionized the Western culture of plums by crossing a Japanese plum with a native American prairie variety to produce a two-inch two-ounce beauty grown today from Texas to Manitoba. He traveled 1,000 miles up and down Chinese railroads, dodging bandits and cholera, seeking the northwestern limit of the pear and apricot, and found it.

For 5,000 years, apricots had not gained in hardness. In 1924, Hansen pursued the fruit until he found a single tree growing where the mercury dips to 50 degrees below in northern Manchuria. He bred it up to bear larger fruit and opened a new era in apricots. Three years ago, he announced a new seedless pear, winter-hardy and resistant to fire-blight.

The patience of a plant breeder like Hansen is astounding. "Why," asked a friend, "do you have to grow thousands of plants to produce a superior new variety?"

"It took a good many million Englishmen to produce a Shakespeare, didn't it?" was the answer.

"Fruit feeds the body, flowers

nourish the soul," Hansen told the Iowa Horticultural Society when it honored him for his half-century's achievements in 1944. And scarcely a prairie home is without some of his hardy shrubs and flowers, crowned by the double thornless rose, which he worked 55 years to produce. The formula for this bloom Hansen has now given to the world: he combined the prairie Dakota rose with one from the Alps.

"I suppose," quipped a recent visitor to Hansen's office, "you could even breed a square pea that would stay on your knife!"

"As a matter of fact," Hansen shot back, "I found a three-cornered pea once in Asia that might turn the trick. Some day I may get to work on that."

Hansen has made eight world trips as an agricultural explorer, and been honored repeatedly with horticultural awards. At one time, he was asked to supervise the Agriculture Department's entire seed and plant introduction work, with a world staff at his command. But he turned it down to come back to his plants in South Dakota.

Says Hansen: "I didn't want to wear myself out at a table signing papers when there is so much to do in the field."

## Proof Enough

A LITTLE MAN in a crowded café left his table to go to the counter for a cup of coffee. When he returned to the table he found a brawny man sitting in his chair.

"Excuse me," said the little man,



"but I believe you have my seat."

"Oh, yeah," growled the big man. "Can you prove it?"

"I think I can, sir," said the little man. "You see, I left my pie and ice cream on the chair."

—*Young America*



## The FAMILY Is Still America's Backbone

Don't let the alarmists fool you; home life in the U.S. is as sound as it ever was!

by EVELYN ARDIS WHITMAN

IT IS 6 O'CLOCK of a summer evening along Suburban Road. As the twilight deepens, the voices of children drift farther away, and with a last "See you tomorrow," the youngsters vanish into the lighted doorways of their homes. In a score of driveways, car doors slam and home-coming husbands grin in anticipation of the evening paper and a smoke after dinner.

Nothing much ever happens along Suburban Road. Most of the people here stay married to the same husband or wife for a lifetime. They worry over their kids, scold them and brag about them, and

hope they will turn out all right. They pay off part of the mortgage every month, save up money to reshingle the roof, and dream of the day when they can add a couple of dormer windows on the south side.

It is the same on your street, too. These are our friends and neighbors, the people we see every day. But we have somehow forgotten that this is what the American family is like. We have come to believe that the family is in danger—that it may even die out as a national institution.

We believe this because the "experts" tell us so. Our shortcomings as husbands, wives and parents make daily headlines. Divorce, we

hear, is skyrocketing. Babies are not wanted. Women, grown hard and ambitious, no longer make unselfish wives and mothers.

The indictment itself is frightening—but that we believe it is even more frightening. For it is *not* true. Family life is not obsolete in America. In millions of homes on the Maple Streets and Main Streets, in the Pleasant Valleys and Middletowns of our land, and in millions of big-town apartments, too, it is as stable, wholesome and reassuring as it ever was.

Not long ago, I went to see Ruth and Bob married. It was a small wedding: no society column gave it a line. But to those of us who were there, it was a thing to remember — perhaps because we knew so much about Ruth and Bob.

Bob was two years overseas, wounded, a year in prison camp. Those years were not fun for Ruth. But she waited and saved her money. There will be enough with the GI bill to see Bob through college. And, with luck, there will be a little left to start a home.

They have it all planned. "We want children," Ruth told me, "lots of them. We also want a house of our own and a big back yard with swings and sandboxes. We want our kids to be part of something permanent. And we would like to be part of it, too!"

Divorce is *not* "a clause in the marriage contract" to Ruth and Bob, nor to millions of other young couples. Even after years of marriage, the surveys reveal, an overwhelming 90 per cent of husbands and wives have never seriously thought of divorce. Actually, only two per cent of American adults list them-

selves in the Census as divorced.

"How can that be?" you ask. "Doesn't one marriage in three end in divorce?"

As a matter of fact, it doesn't! Not any more. But even in its heyday, the terrifying one-in-three didn't mean what people thought it did, because the figure never referred to the ratio of divorce to *existent* marriages but only to the ratio of divorce to *new* marriages.

Suppose you live in a city of 130,000—and suppose it is a "national average" city, with figures like those of the country as a whole. In your city in the year of the terrible one-in-three, there were 1,600 new marriages and perhaps 500 divorces. Too many. Far too many. *But more than 65,000 married people live in your town!*

RECENTLY, YOU SAW in your newspaper's headlines the breakup of a famous Hollywood marriage—the second for both husband and wife. This same paper splashed on page one the story of a New York playboy's seventh marriage; and the fanfare of a socialite's third trip to the altar on her 25th birthday.

*These people are the maritally accident-prone.* Just as their prototypes in factories fall into belts and pulleys, so these unfortunates fall into the machinery of living; and as they double and triple their failures, the catastrophe rate goes up for all of us. Yet they are as inexplicable to the Ruths and Bobs of America as they would have been to our grandparents, and there are millions of Ruths and Bobs.

Tucked away in small print are the newspaper stories of their fidelity and love. Behind the doors of a

hospital for lepers, a brave man shuts himself away from the world to be with his stricken wife; a boy sits by the bedside of the girl he married, watching her die of cancer and keeping his voice steady while he plans with her the trips they will take when she is well again.

On the campus of a little college I know, there is a row of trailers flanked by clotheslines and sand-boxes. Here a hundred young couples worry together over Latin verbs and family budgets; share the job of family earning; and quarrel amiably over whose turn it is to wash the dishes and feed the baby.

"It isn't any picnic," says Helen, a girl with red hair and a dimple. "I'm keeping house, taking care of two babies and working part time in the Dean's office. You have to take your fun in little pieces—when you can get it. But I think we're working out something here that's important to us and maybe to a lot of other people, too."

Not only on the campus but everywhere, the marriage rate has been rising steadily. Since 1887, it has risen about 50 per cent. One million more divorces than normal during the crucial war and post-war years—but three million more marriages than normal!

*At a time when women can support themselves without the help of any man; when a bachelor can comfortably feed and clothe himself; when both men and women can find companionship outside of matrimony, the marriage rate has gone up! Even while we wring our hands over the failure of the family, the Census reveals that there are more married people in America in proportion to the population than ever before!*



It is almost equally exciting to note that the family is growing in size. The truth is that we do want children. The "spoiled" American woman is not "refusing to be a mother."

One snowy night last winter, as I sat in the doctor's office waiting for an appointment, a young couple came in. Obviously pregnant, the girl looked as though she might collapse at any moment, but her smile was quick and reassuring as her young husband helped her anxiously to a chair.

Concerned, I asked the doctor about her. "It's almost impossible for her to carry a child," he said. "This is the third time she's tried. But she won't give up. Now she's ready to go to the hospital again for another couple of months, while we see if we can save this one."

Surveys reveal that less than five per cent of today's young women want to be childless. They long for babies and dream of the future of their children just as they always did; and the sterile crowd the doorways of the adoption agencies.

Of course, modern parents do not have as many children as their grandparents did. And yet, perhaps it would be disastrous for us to emulate our grandparents, since our children *live*.

Doctors and parents, working together, have brought the death

rate of babies under one year down to 32 per 1,000. Even as recently as 1915, three babies died for every one which dies today! And because our children live, the modern family is only 30 per cent smaller than it was in 1890.

Parents live, too. And it is easy to forget the significance of that. Look, for instance, at Johnny, who never had a real home. He was only five when he went to live with his aunt, and three times after that he was moved from one unwelcoming family to another. When Johnny was 14, he ran away to sea, and when he was 20 he died in a water-front brawl.

A child of the divorced and "delinquent" parents of today? No, indeed. Johnny lived 100 years ago and he had no home because his mother died when he was five.

Divorce orphaned few children when Johnny was a boy—but death orphaned many. We are catching up on death. In spite of our divorce rates, there were just about as many lonely and neglected Johnnies in grandma's day as there are today. Perhaps more—for the community has learned to share with the family a profound concern for the welfare of marriage and children.

Across a clinic desk, a tired woman looks with renewed hope at the social worker. "Would you talk to my husband?" she says. "Perhaps if you did—the way you've been talking to me—we might make a go of it yet."

Down the street in the rectory, a troubled boy and girl face the minister. "Sit down," he says gently, "and let's talk this thing out."

In the welfare office, a shabby

woman with tear-filled eyes confesses that her kindly but shiftless husband is out of work again.

"Will they take the children away from us?" she falters. "They did once—and I can't bear it."

Comfortingly the welfare worker shakes her head. "We aren't doing that now," she says. "We are keeping families together if we can."

NOW, WHAT ABOUT the charge that we Americans are a race of apartment-dwellers, living each his frustrated life in what a famous psychiatrist recently called "an efficient, dreary, hole-in-the-wall"? Get into your car and find out. Travel the country lanes and winding highways of America on a summer twilight when the lights are coming on.

These are the homes of your land. These houses represent heart's desire to most women. Down Slater Road in our town, there is a little brick house, so newly built that the wheelbarrow still stands by the front steps with a brick or two in it. Mrs. Kutz, the owner, knows all about those bricks. They are secondhand but perfectly good—and Mrs. Kutz mixed the mortar for them and carried them up the platform to her husband.

Mrs. Kutz dug the cellar, too, while her husband worked at his regular job; and she hauled the water and the gravel for the mortar. "I am the happiest woman in the world," she told a marveling newspaper reporter.

All over America the remodelers are at work—an army of families, building stone walls and planting trees and changing attics into playrooms. And all over America,

women at work in factories and stores and offices are saving their money to turn it into the stones and shingles of a home.

Meanwhile, in one way, the American family *is* changing. Everyone in it knows more about the world they live in than anyone did in the past; and the world pulls them from the doors of their homes like a passing parade, offering them countless new experiences in sharing.

There is a great forest in our state which belongs to the people. It was bought with the pennies and dimes of men and women and children, and here, on a summer's Saturday afternoon, mother and father and the children play.

Families take turns on the baseball diamond. There is a little creek in the park, and everyone wades and plays on the rocks, and dad and ten-year-old Jimmy take turns with the fishing rod. Every picnic table is taken from 11 A.M. till the last flicker of daylight. Families sit in companionable silence, gazing at miles and miles of forest land, bright in the sun. At twilight, they drift happily back home again.

Yes, the American family is changing. In an economic sense, it is not as necessary as it once was; yet family solidarity is not based solely on economic necessity but on the deep-seated, eternal needs of men, women and children.

Nothing can compensate the child for losing the love of his parents; and, to a man or woman, nothing can take the place of that sense of belonging which is found only in permanent relationship. People marry because they feel happier together; they have children because they want them; and they make homes because home today is still the answer to a human being's lonely drifting.

If there was ever a crisis in family life, we have passed it. Responsible people are moving intelligently toward the spiritual and emotional satisfactions of family living, toward the cultivation of love for its own sake. The family is not obsolete in America, nor will it become obsolete as long as the members of the family recognize that they need each other, and that the home still offers all of us the maximum in happy and healthful living.

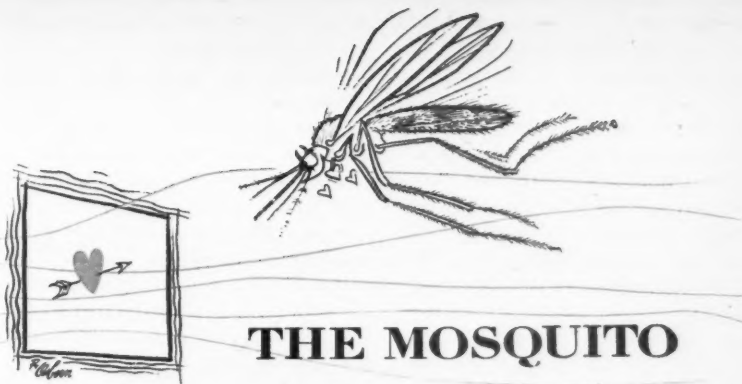
### Service—Plus!

IN THE 11 YEARS I taught at Washington, Georgia, I made frequent trips on the little train that ran over to Barnett, where I caught the main-line train to my father's home near Augusta. One dark rainy evening the little train stopped at a small village where a little girl got off, and the train stayed and stayed. Finally someone exclaimed: "Look yonder!"

To our amazement, we saw Captain Oslin, the conductor, walking up the hill with the little girl. When he came back to the train, wet and winded, he apologized: "I just couldn't let that child go alone in the dark!"

—Atlanta Journal Magazine





## THE MOSQUITO MEETS HIS MATCH

by JOHN W. WHITE

With sex as a new and powerful weapon, medical science has found a way to outsmart the wily, disease-carrying insect

“A PHONOGRAPH RECORD kills them?” This question ran through the audience as Dr. Morton C. Kahn made his report after returning recently from a mosquito hunt in Cuba.

He had actually demonstrated that mosquitoes could be lured to their death by recordings of the female mating call. When they answered the siren song, they flew into a suicidal screen charged with high-voltage electricity.

Five years ago, Dr. Kahn, associate professor of public health and preventive medicine at Cornell University Medical School, theorized that disease-bearing female mosquitoes could be eliminated if innocuous male mosquitoes were prevented from fertilizing eggs. The important problem was: how to kill

off the male mosquitoes. Sex was the answer. But years of study and tests preceded the on-the-spot experiments.

First, Dr. Kahn set up in Cuba's worst-infested swamp a “cattle trap” where mosquitoes were lured to feed on a guinea-pig cow. And when the insects swarmed by the thousands to the pen, the doctor and his associates cut recordings of the female mating call.

Now, all mosquitoes are equipped with radio antennae which respond to vibrations and act as “ears.” When a male mosquito detects the mating call of a female, he turns his head until both antennae pick up the sound with equal intensity. Then he sets nature's automatic pilot and flies on a direct beam to keep his tryst.

Because mosquito love songs are inaudible to the human ear and even to mosquitoes at a distance, Dr. Kahn acquired a Navy “Beach-

master" amplifier to magnify the call. He then set it up in a screened box three feet square and six feet high. To the screen he attached wires carrying electric charges up to 15,000 volts.

Then one evening Dr. Kahn and his co-workers—his son, Morton C. Kahn, Jr., physicist William Offenhauser, and Daniel Alvarez, graduate student—took turns at playing disk-jockey. The luring love call, amplified a billion times, hummed out into the night.

When the males had adjusted their antennae and arrived for a happy rendezvous, they were met by a literal shock. Some 500 would-be Lotharios were electrocuted.

During Dr. Kahn's two-month experiment, 40,000 male mosquitoes were victims of the deadly phonograph-screen combination. About 500 electrocutions per evening were recorded, and two-thirds of the vic-

tims were the malaria-carrying species. Some tests killed as many as 1,500 mosquitoes.

After 60 days, the two-mile radius of swamp where the experiment took place was virtually cleared of mosquitoes. At the end, only 35 mosquitoes met their doom nightly. And the total cost of the project was just \$202—the \$2 representing the electric bill.

While Dr. Kahn concentrated on eliminating the *Anopheles* mosquito, which carries the malaria virus, he believes his technique may be adopted to destroy the other two main types of disease-bearing mosquitoes. These are the *Stegomyia fasciata*, which transmits yellow fever, and the *Culex fatigans*, carrier of elephantiasis.

The idea is simple: record their mating calls, improvise an electric chair, and relax while sex conquers the wily mosquito.

## Celebrity



## Side Lights

WHEN MARK TWAIN was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance often saw him with a cigar box under his arm. Meeting him one day, she commented: "Mr. Clemens, I always see you with a cigar box under your arm. I'm afraid you are smoking too much."

"Oh! It isn't that," said Mark, "I'm just moving again."

—JULIA KONRAD

• • •

AFTER 93 YEARS, George Bernard Shaw has developed a certain amount of patience, at least in money matters.

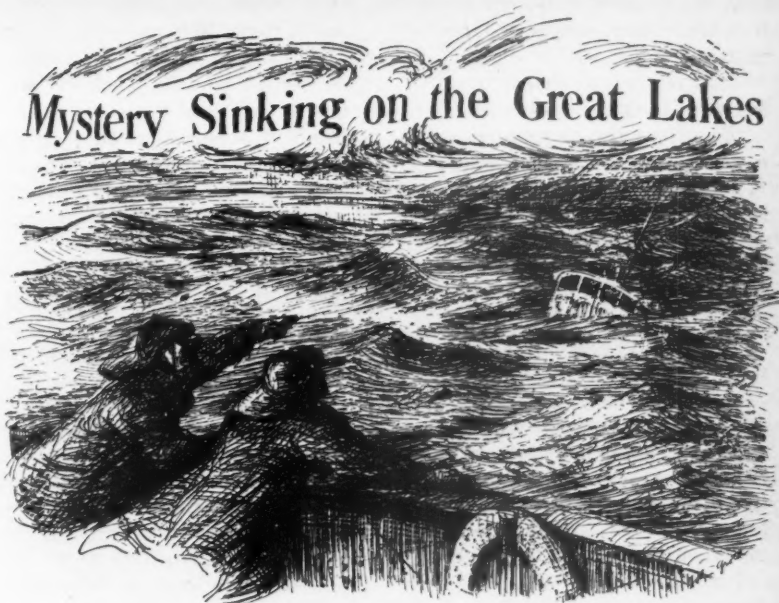
Not long ago he received a letter from an independent producer requesting permission to produce one of his works.

"Of course you understand," read the letter, "that we cannot afford to pay a big sum as we are only a young company."

This appeal fell on deaf ears.

"I can wait," replied Shaw, "for you to grow up." —IRVING HOFFMAN

What terrible fate overtook the *Milwaukee* in 1929? To this day, no one is sure



by DONALD L. EPHLIN

OF ALL THE SHIPS that sailed the Great Lakes—steel and steam, wood and sail—the great 338-foot car-ferry *Milwaukee* was the one men thought to be most nearly indestructible. For 26 years she had hauled freight cars between the ports of Wisconsin and Michigan, paying less attention to weather than the trains on land.

And then, one wild October night in 1929, when many lesser ships came safe to harbor, the *Milwaukee* vanished so suddenly and mysteriously that Great Lakes sailors refused to believe her lost. To this day, no one has found her last resting place; nor does anyone know what her last moments were like.

On the night of October 22, a

savage northeast gale had raised a sea terrifying to behold. Along the west shore of Lake Michigan, great freighters were so battered at their piers that they could not be loaded.

In Chicago, Lake Shore Drive was closed to traffic as pounding seas leaped the stone revetments and littered pavements with wreckage. Off Milwaukee, the sunken schooner *Rosabelle* was torn from the bottom and for three days drifted about the surface, upheld only by the wildly churning waters.

But it was only another Tuesday to the big *Milwaukee*—that plodding, invincible giant built to sail when other ships faltered or sank. Almost without incident, she loaded 27 freight cars at the Grand Trunk slip in the Wisconsin city for which

she was named. Her skipper, Capt. Bob McKay, an Orkney Islander, took added precautions to secure the cargo: car wheels were fastened with clamps, while sturdy chains were passed over the cars and under the rails. Then the great steel sea-gate that closed the *Milwaukee's* open stern was lowered into place.

At 2:30 in the afternoon, the big ship's twin screws took up the steady beat that would carry her across Lake Michigan in a normal time of seven hours. Once past the breakwater, the mightiest ship on the Lakes was lost to sight almost before the last hoarse note of her farewell whistle died on the gale.

Next morning, watchers in the Michigan port of Muskegon waited in vain for her massive black bows and squat white upper works to loom out of the mists. But no great fear was felt for her safety; seamen declared that Captain McKay had followed the course of wisdom and headed uplake, into the teeth of the gale. Then, when the *Milwaukee* was 17 hours overdue, and while great seas still battered at crumbling beaches, the sullen lake began to give up its secret.

Late that night, lookouts on fishing tugs riding the giant waves a few miles off Kenosha, Wisconsin, reported wreckage. Storage boxes, smashed woodwork and the panels from the top of a pilothouse were floating awash.

The *Madison*, companion car-ferry to the *Milwaukee* in the Grand Trunk service, sighted the same wreckage as she struggled to reach the Wisconsin shore, nine hours overdue. A white-faced steward, who had just transferred to the *Madison*, reported to the captain:

"That's the *Milwaukee's* woodwork—I know every stick of it!"

Only two lifeboats were ever found. The first one, containing three bodies, was cast ashore near Kenosha. None of the bodies were maimed or scalded, as they might have been in a fire or explosion.


In the second boat were the bodies of Moran and Kiss, wheelsmen; O'Brien, an able seaman; and a deck hand named Dahlke, all lightly clad and dead of exposure. This indicated that the ship had been hastily abandoned. Such men would never have taken to an open boat in freezing weather without adequate clothing, if they had had time to run to their quarters. They must have piled into the boat with only a moment to cut it adrift before their ship disappeared, or disintegrated, beneath their feet.

And then the curtain of mystery that shrouded the *Milwaukee* was lifted just a little. On the Michigan side, near Saugatuck, one of the steamer's official message cases, for use only in the gravest emergency, was discovered. Inside was a water-stained note, in handwriting positively identified by the widow of the man who signed it.

Steamer *Milwaukee*, October 22, 6:30 P.M. Ship making water fast. Have turned around and headed for Milwaukee. Pumps all working, but sea-gates bent. Can't keep water clear. Crew's quarters flooded. Seas tremendous. Things look bad. Crew about the same as last pay roll.

A. R. Sadon, Purser

When Sadon's body was found, it was dressed in full uniform, covered by dungarees. Whatever the crisis aboard the *Milwaukee*, it was



so serious that the officers had apparently labored with the men to save the ship. The order at the last moment may have been, "Turn out, all hands!" And then the end came with such swiftness that the final, tragic command of "Stand by to abandon ship!" was never given.

Other notes were found, but only the desperate brevity of Sadon's rings true. The others were discarded as the usual work of crackpots and pranksters. There was even one which read, "This is the worst storm I have ever seen. Can't stay up much longer. Hole in side of boat. McKay."

Reading the note, one old Lake man, a former shipmate of the Captain's, observed with grim humor: "Bob McKay never wrote that. He wouldn't admit a little thing like a storm could get the best of him, even if the water was up to his chin. He was too tough!"

MANY WILD STORIES went the rounds of the Lakes after the *Milwaukee's* disappearance. The ship's bottom had dropped out, causing her to sink in a matter of seconds. Her boilers had burst, or she had been capsized by a terrible 100-foot wave, bigger than anything ever recorded on any ocean. Her deckload of freight cars had torn loose and battered out her sides. An earthquake had split the bottom of the lake, and sucked her down in a giant whirlpool.

Even Al Capone, gang leader of

those Prohibition days, figured in one of the stories. It was rumored that certain of his men had planted a time bomb on the ship, to avenge the loss of a carload of Capone's liquor, allegedly turned over to Federal authorities by the *Milwaukee's* owners.

One overwrought soul told all who would listen that a German U-boat had secretly gained access to the Lakes during World War I, its presence being kept from the public by the Navy's fear of negligence charges. The *Milwaukee* had struck a derelict mine sowed by this daring craft 12 years earlier. How a 250-foot submarine had managed to sneak through the Welland Canal and into the Lakes without being observed was not explained.

But when all the evidence was in, one inescapable fact remained: the great ship had gone down, taking 48 men with her to an unknown grave, many fathoms deep. And the three or four men living today, who were members of the *Milwaukee's* crew and missed her last sailing for one reason and another, can offer no explanation beyond, "It was just her time to go."

The *Milwaukee* had no structural faults and, with her size and power, she could have sailed the Atlantic as easily as she crossed Lake Michigan. Laid down in 1903, with 338 feet of length and a beam of 52 feet, the ship was designed to embody the combined experience of Lake ferries and those that battled

the wild storms and ice floes of the Baltic Sea.

As Tom McNello, one of the lucky four who did not sail with her, and who is now First Assistant Engineer of the new *Milwaukee*, says: "The ship had everything. I guess she just ran into a set of disasters that happened all at once. No matter how strong you are, you can't escape Nature forever."

And so the final curtain fell on the tragedy of the *Milwaukee*. But at the end, there was a note of the supernatural, as there should be in a really classic tragedy:

A week later, on October 29, the old steamer *Wisconsin* went down with a loss of 12 lives, at a point off the Wisconsin reefs where Lake men think the *Milwaukee* must lie, in 600 feet of water. Years before, this ship had sailed as the *Naomi*, and her burning in mid-lake, and the sensational rescue of many of her passengers by a young first mate,

had filled the headlines of the day.

This young man had raced through flames to smash cabin windows with his fists, dragging the terrified occupants to safety. To his grave, he carried on arms and shoulders the deep scars made by jagged glass. The name of this young hero was Bob McKay.

When the *Naomi* was salvaged and rechristened the *Wisconsin*, McKay's name was moved up the seniority list so that when a master's berth was open on the *Milwaukee* he was in line to fill it. Oddly enough, he fought against the promotion, saying that an honor gained through disaster could only end in another disaster.

And when Captain Bob McKay went to his death on the ill-fated *Milwaukee*, his old ship *Wisconsin*, to which he had given new life, followed him in death, in almost the same spot where the *Milwaukee* had gone down!



## Judicial

## Jesting

**M**OST PEOPLE TAKE their tour of jury duty in stride, but there are always some who try to get excused for one thing or another.

At St. Clairsville, O., a woman asked to be excused by claiming that she was six weeks behind in her housework.

A judge in Memphis, Tenn., told a potential juror who wished to be excused because of a new set of teeth: "You don't have to talk—you just listen!"

When a young salesgirl was subpoenaed for jury duty by a

Hackensack, N. J., court, she replied to the request very politely: "In answer to your letter, I am not interested in your offer. I have a good job now."

In another court, a man was excused from serving on a jury when he offered a very valid reason—he happened to be the defendant in the case.

When a 368-pound man was called to serve by a court at Key West, Fla., he was let go, because nobody could find a chair big enough for him.

—PAUL STEINER





THE BARBER HAD HIRED a new assistant and promised him that he could have the first customer.

"Here's your man," announced the boss. "It's Mr. Graham for his morning shave."

"I'm ready," grinned the helper, eagerly.

"Now, for gosh sakes," advised the boss, "be very careful. I don't want you to cut yourself."

—LOUIS N. FUGELLO

"HAS YOUR FATHER traveled much?" a young man asked his fiancée.

"Has he!" was the reply. "He's been to half the places on his suitcase labels!"

—PAUL STEINER

IT WAS A MOMENTOUS day on the golf course. In fact, it had never happened before in the history of golf. Mr. Hunter had joined the club that day and was playing golf for the very first time. At the first tee he hit the ball a mighty stroke and by some miracle it landed in the hole in one.

At the second tee the miracle of golfing miracles: another hole in

one was scored by the neophyte Hunter. As the ball dropped into the hole, he wheeled around to the thunderstruck group that had assembled and heaved a loud sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness!" he exclaimed—all atremble. "I thought I'd missed it that time!"—MEREDITH NORWORTH

A SELF-STYLED REFORMER was watching a trench being dug by modern machine methods. He said to the superintendent:

"This machine has taken jobs from scores of men. Why don't you junk it and put 100 men in that ditch with shovels?"

The superintendent snorted: "Better still, why not put a thousand men in there with teaspoons?"

—Exhaust

WHEN THE PRESIDENT of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was asked in the '30s how the depression had hit Los Angeles, he replied: "Depression? We have no depression in Los Angeles, but I will admit that we are having the worst boom in many, many years."

—H. V. PROCHNOW, *The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest* (HARPER & BROS.)

EUROPEAN TRAVELERS bring back this tale with them. George, a hunter, went into the forest to bag some game. Presently, he came upon a bear. It was not a common, ordinary bear. He had wit, as could be noted when he greeted the hunter George with: "What are you looking for?"

"I want to get myself a fur coat," George told him.

"Well," said the bear, "I'm looking for my dinner. Why not come

to my den and we can talk it over."

Accepting the invitation, George, who evidently wasn't a common, ordinary George, sat down with the bear to talk things over.

Some time later the bear got up all alone.

They had reached a compromise.

The bear had got his dinner.

And the hunter had on his fur coat.

—DENTON P. FOSTER

"DEAREST ANNABELLE," wrote a lovesick swain, "I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your lovely eyes. I could walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hand. I would leap the widest stream for a word from your warm lips. As always, Your Own Oscar."

"P. S. I'll be over to see you Sunday night, if it doesn't rain."

—H. V. PROCHNOW, *The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest* (HARPER & BROS.)

A GIRL FROM the city was watching a farmer as he milked one of his cows. "It sure looks easy," she commented. "But tell me, how do you turn it off?"

—PAUL STEINER

THE BURGLAR WAS still new to this business, and so, when he climbed the stairs to the second floor in search of loot, he did not move as quietly as he should have. He had just reached the first upstairs bedroom, when he heard someone moving in the bed, as if to get up. He paused fearfully. The sound of a woman's voice floated through the partly open door.

"Henry," the voice proclaimed with brutal clarity, "if you don't remove those muddy shoes this instant there's going to be trouble. Here it's been raining for three

hours, and you dare to tramp over carpets with your muddy shoes! Go downstairs and take them off this instant, you poker-playing, whisky-guzzling carbon copy of a man, or I'll get up and boot you out into the street!"

The burglar went downstairs, but he didn't remove his shoes. A tear glistened in his eye, as he joined his pal outside.

"I can't rob that house," he cried. "It reminds me too much of home!"

—Wall Street Journal

A FELLOW WENT UP to the gate of a nudist camp on a chilly day and asked to be admitted.

"Nothing doing," the guard spoke up. "This is a nudist camp. You can't come in here with that blue suit on."

"This isn't a blue suit," chattered the visitor. "I'm cold!"

—The Investment Dealers' Digest

TWO PSYCHIATRISTS entered an elevator and were greeted by the operator, who said: "Good morning."

One psychiatrist looked at the other quizzically. "What," he asked, "do you suppose he meant by that?"

—ZEKE MANNERS

*Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*

r  
o  
s  
-  
r  
o

e  
A  
e

e  
f  
i

f  
y

l

e

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.



# The Meaning of Faith

TODAY, THE WORLD stands on the threshold of an unpredictable new era. And once more, as in all times of trial, we Americans are turning to faith as a steadfast guide in the search for security, comfort and peace of mind during days to come.





Confidence and hope have weakened under the weight of the problems which beset the globe and its peoples. Deeply troubled for the future, man is seeking new directions.





Modern times have isolated him as never before. In an age of astounding technological maturity, many of the rich values of the past have been lost. Too often, each of us walks alone.



Yet there are many in this land whose faces are an unclouded reflection of inner confidence which draws on the eternal wellsprings of faith. Their eyes look forward without fear.



Faith grows slowly, yet it is everywhere. It is captured by a little child who sleeps and knows tomorrow will always come . . .



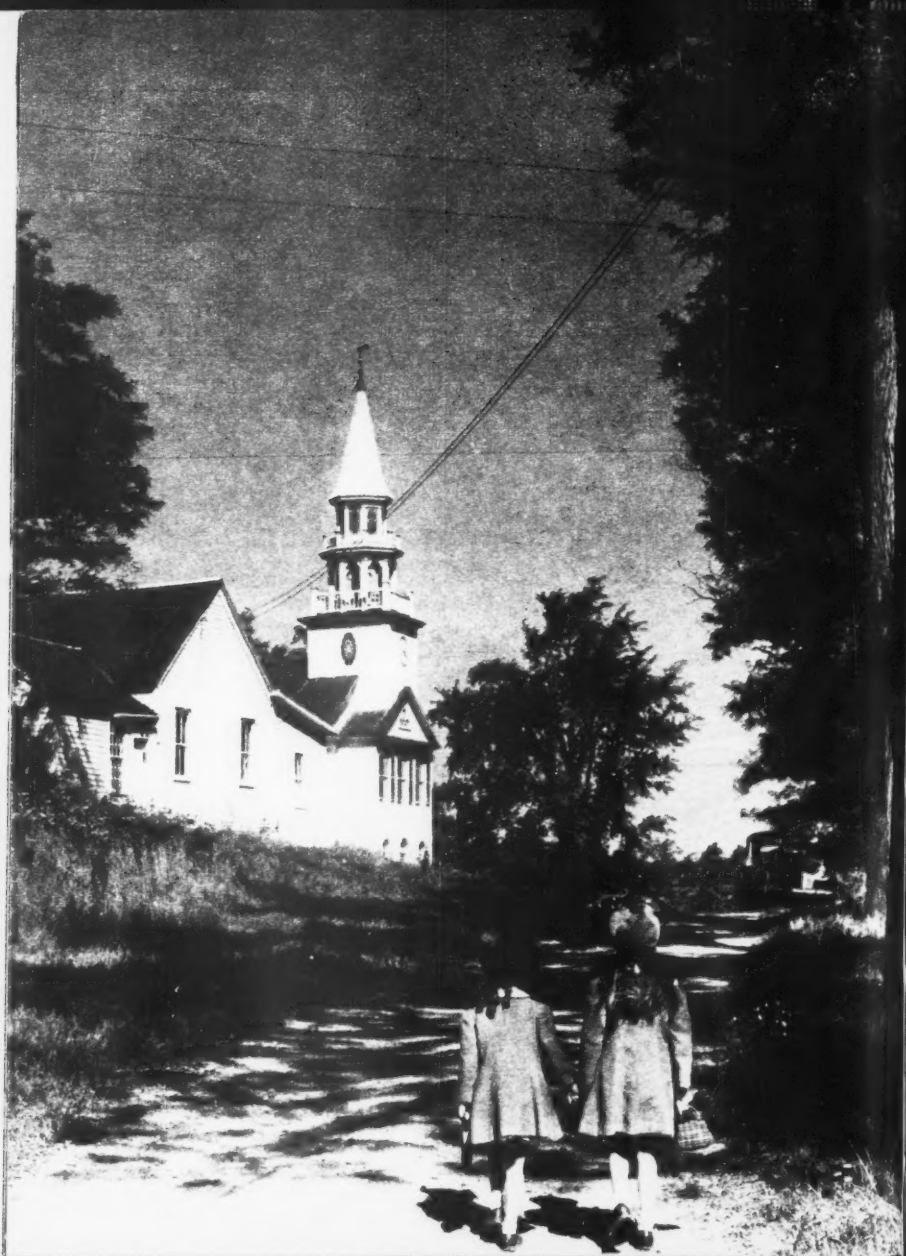
... and it is affirmed in the manful stride of a boy who gains his first responsibility in the wider universe beyond himself.



Faith finds expression in the relationship of generations . . .



... and in the immortal gifts handed down to us from the Great Ones.



Faith is the beacon of man's happiness. There are pathways leading toward the ever-renewed hope that our children will inherit a world awakened to the possibility of unity and peace.





To achieve this, children must grow up in the aura of a familiar faith, and receive from their elders the direction and guidance that lie in the words of wisdom. These teachings never fade.



And faith must come, too, from a sense of belonging and from the inspiring beauty of voices lifted in praise. In the simplicity of this faith lies the power of all that we hope to win.



Faith has a multitude of voices. It rings out in the triumphant song of bells and is echoed in the murmur of prayer. It can never be silenced, for it is created within ourselves . . .



... and it lives and grows in the knowledge that there is wholesome devotion in the principle of service to others . . .



... and it is confirmed in the quiet dedication of those whose lives are invested with deep spiritual values.



Brought up with these beliefs, the decisions that influence our lives are made confidently. In the days of our greatest happiness . . .



... or in the disturbing times of tribulation and distress, faith constantly guides our hand and governs our heart.

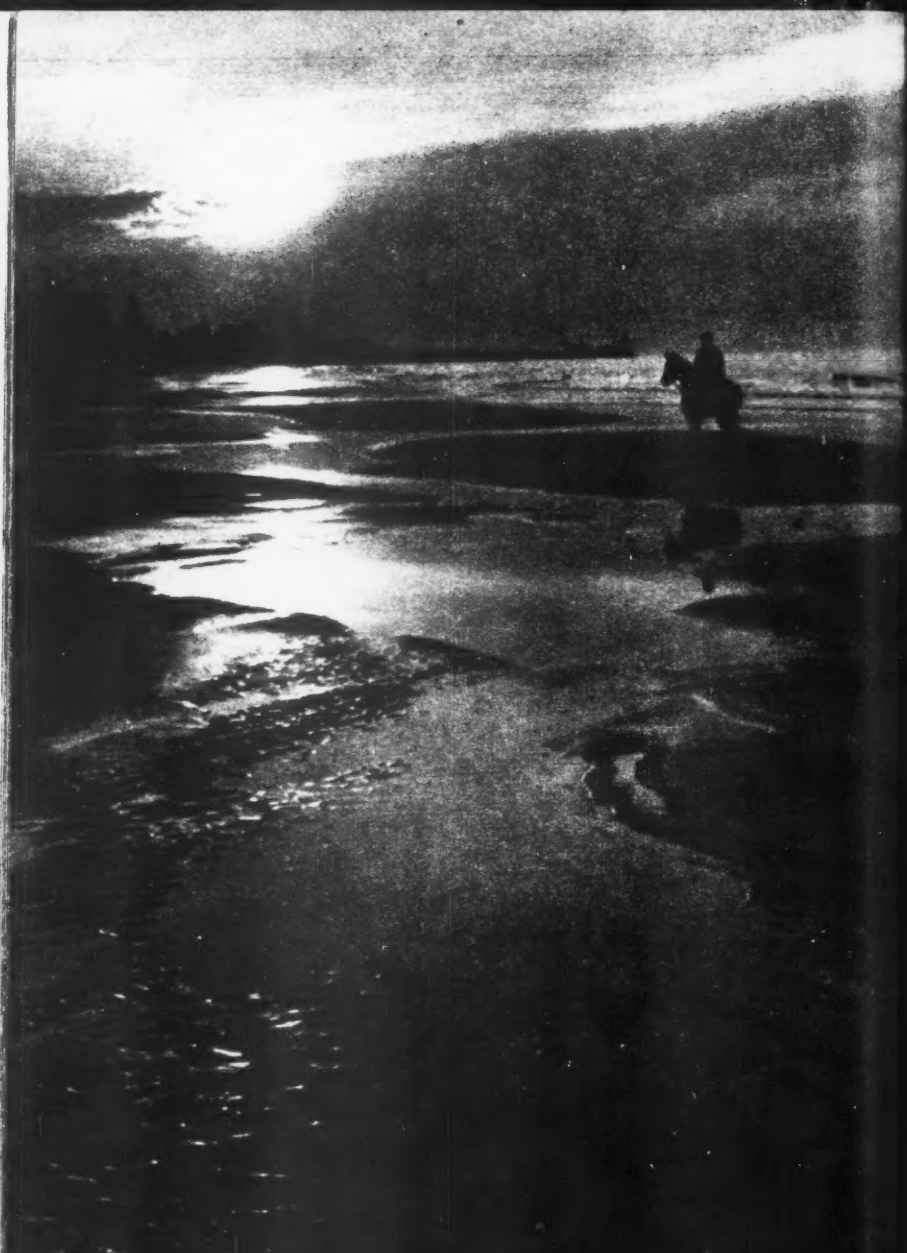


For man knows that the difficulties of life are less trying when he can look forward, always, with serenity and without fear. In this way, the future can be faced with courage . . .





... and there is a composure and an inner light which sheds its benediction on the peaceful course of each succeeding day.



With these things—faith and confidence and hope—man, though his search may be endless, is never alone. For then, security and peace of mind pervade and govern the years of his life.

W  
re  
st

b

r

fi  
a  
o  
o

r  
t  
l  
r  
l  
y  
l  
o





# Men Against the Moon

What will they find if they succeed in reaching the earth's satellite? The answer may decide the future of the world

by NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE

**T**HOUSANDS OF YEARS ago, Persian astronomers had the moon all figured out. It was, they said, like a gigantic floating mirror, the shadows on it being reflections of our own continents and oceans.

In later centuries, Australian natives asserted that the moon contained a huge cat's eye. South Sea Islanders were convinced that the moon supported a grove of trees, laden with shining fruit. Samoans visualized a woman who sat endlessly weaving cloth which later became the clouds above our earth.

Today, we need no longer guess about the moon. The satellite is still an average distance of 238,000 miles from the earth, but when astronomers on Mt. Wilson peer through their telescope, they see it

as though it were only 200 miles distant. When the great staring eye of Palomar is at last in operation, the moon will appear to be only 24 miles away—close enough so that observers can see objects as small as a railway train.

In the not-far-distant future, some human beings are going to get a much closer look than that. They will be the first men on the moon. Fantastic? Not according to top scientists like physicist Dr. J. A. Hutcheson, director of research for Westinghouse. He has announced that the U. S. Army is already planning to aim its first rocket at the moon. It will carry no crew, but it will be the forerunner of passenger rockets that will make possible the most exciting chapter in the story of man's restless search for new worlds to conquer.

Aside from the urge to solve age-old mysteries, there are practical reasons for trying to reach the moon. What scientists find there

may affect the lives of everyone on earth—for better or worse.

Consider weather. We still have not licked the problem of long-range forecasting. That is why meteorologists look eagerly to the moon. They see it as a far-flung station that would increase their knowledge of world weather, and perhaps solve the mystery of whether the moon influences our weather cycles as it does the tides.

Astronomers, too, grow wistful when they think of getting out beyond the bondage of the earth's atmosphere, which cuts millions of miles from the range of their telescopes and causes all sorts of distortion. They believe that telescopes on the moon might help them probe the ultimate mysteries, such as the great unanswered question: Is the universe really exploding?

Then there is the possibility that the moon is a vast mineral treasure-trove, including the top prize of the atomic age—uranium. When scientists discuss this possibility, they reveal an amazing theory about the moon's origin.

On our earth there is an immense chasm from which some astronomers believe the substance of the moon was once torn in some awful cataclysm. Where is the hole? In what is now the Pacific Ocean.

Scientists like Sir George Darwin have contended that a few billion years ago the earth was whirling a lot more rapidly than it is now. This rapid motion, plus some unusual pull from the sun, was enough to tear an enormous chunk out of the earth. The piece of matter went whirling into space, until the earth's gravitational pull slowed it to a stop. If that is how the moon was

created, then almost certainly it contains the same minerals as the earth, among them uranium. Hence, if we can get rockets there, we might be able to haul back huge tonnages.

**B**YOND ALL THIS, there is one great, staggering fact about the moon. In a military sense, *the nation that controls the moon controls the world.*

Does that sound like the wild imagining of a fiction writer? Not to our top military men. They see the moon as a launching platform for rockets—the ultimate base for push-button war. Every city on earth would be under threat of instant destruction if the moon should fall into the hands of an unscrupulous power, since rocket men on the moon would always hold an insuperable advantage over their earth-bound opponents.

The reason is summed up in one word—gravity. The weak pull of the moon means that even the rockets we now have could easily escape and roar earthward. But it would be extremely difficult for men on the earth to strike back, because it is so much harder to get a rocket off the earth, where a speed of 25,000 miles an hour is required, compared with the 5,300-mile speed needed to escape from the moon.

With the Army's preparations going forward, it was seriously suggested in the United Nations that discussions be held concerning ownership of the moon. Meanwhile, scientists are marshaling data about our satellite. The first big question is whether men can stay alive if they do reach the moon. Is there any kind of life there?





Astronomers are certain that no life exists in any form on the moon. The most exacting observations reveal that the satellite has practically no water and atmosphere. Hence, while designing lunar rockets, the scientists have to solve the problem of keeping travelers alive. They propose great, clumsy metal versions of diving suits, containing a supply of air.

If you should be one of the rocketeers, you would find such a suit no encumbrance. Once on the moon, you quickly discover that, in spite of the massive 500-pound gear, you are a superman. According to astrophysicists, the moon has only one-sixth the gravitational pull of the earth, which means you can divide your weight by six. So you find yourself leaping 25 feet with ease, or picking up huge chunks of rock without a muscular twinge.

Astronomers at one university

once amused themselves by picturing a lunar baseball game. They calculated that even a mediocre batter could smack a ball some 1,500 feet. And in base running a player could cover 20 feet at a stride.

On the moon, great jagged mountains tower on all sides, the highest topping Mt. Everest by 3,000 feet. And giant holes pit the lunar landscape. On the side of the moon which we see, there are more than 30,000 craters, ranging in size from small ones a few hundred yards across to supergiants as big as Rhode Island.

How did these craters get there? Some scientists say they are the product of volcanic activity. Others assert they were caused by a merciless bombardment of meteors.

Many astronomers incline to the meteor theory. They have studied giant meteor craters on earth, like the huge one in Arizona, and concluded that they are the same. Earth craters are not as large as lunar ones because our atmosphere stops meteors or burns them out. On the moon, scientists estimate, a meteor rushing in unimpeded could bite out a whopping chunk of material, equal to 50,000 times its own mass!

As you hike around the moon, you will find yourself wading through a fine gray powder of pumice. How do the scientists know this? Because different materials reflect light in different ways.

Carnegie Institution experts studied reflections of various rocks on earth and concluded that the one which reflects light the same as the moon is pumice, the fine gray dust found around volcanoes.

From the moon, the sun appears

to stand still in the sky, because a lunar day is almost 14 earth days in length. That means two weeks of savage heat and searing ultraviolet radiation, followed by two weeks of incredible cold.

"At high noon on the moon," say Edison Pettit and S. B. Nicholson, Mt. Wilson astronomers, "the lunar temperature is at least 38 degrees above that of boiling water. When the moon turns from the sunlight, the so-called lunar midnight is reached. At this point, the temperature drops to at least 200 degrees below freezing."

These fantastic variations are caused by the lack of lunar atmosphere. In the velvet black sky, stars gleam night and day. The atmosphere is not dense enough to create the blue sky of earth.

**I**F YOU WERE on the moon, you would do your talking by radio, because the lunar world is absolutely soundless. It takes air to convey sound waves, and since there is no air on the moon, there is nothing to carry the voice.

Looking upward from earth at the barren, airless surface of the moon, you ask: "Could man ever manage to live there?" One scien-

tist says yes—if there is uranium on the moon. He believes that men in moon suits could build one or more atomic piles, and, with their vastly increased capacity for work, build them in record time.

With heat generated by the piles, they could make huge quantities of giant glass slabs from sand, and then roof over a sizable crater. Next they would install air-conditioning equipment and release oxygen brought from earth. Later, they might be able to take some lunar minerals and extract oxygen and hydrogen for air and water.

Situated in the shadow of a great mountain, the glass roof would never be subjected to the direct, blazing rays of the sun. As for the ferocious cold of the long night, heat from atomic piles would keep the community as comfortable as your home on earth.

Such a lunar colony is quite possible, once men reach the moon. It calls for no special knowledge or materials not available today. Desolate as the moon may be, the first men to live on this forbidding world will be physically comfortable, even if they do get homesick for the familiar things of good old Mother Earth.



### A Good Risk

**A** MAN HAD BARELY paid off the mortgage on his house when he mortgaged it again to buy a new car. Then he sought out a loan broker to try to borrow money on the car so he could build a garage.

"If I do make you the loan,"

asked the broker, "how will you buy gas for the car?"

"It seems to me," the man replied with dignity, "that a fellow who owns his own house, car and garage, should be able to get credit for gas."

—*Copper's Weekly*

# THE U. S. BUYS CANADIAN BABIES

by ROBERT L. EVANS

Here are startling facts about a dangerous traffic in infants across the border

A 55-YEAR-OLD WOMAN in a mid-western city in the U.S. suddenly decided that she wanted to adopt a child, and asked an agency for "a blue-eyed, blonde baby girl." She was refused, partly because agencies seldom place babies with women over 40, partly because investigators found her home unclean and disordered. And the applicant did not help her cause when she informed a social worker: "I plan to raise the child in the old-fashioned way, without newfangled vaccinations and such."

The woman tried two other licensed agencies and was turned down by both. But three months later, a state welfare worker was surprised to find the woman's name on a routine medical report, listed as the mother of a year-old-child which had been admitted to a hospital, suffering from malnutrition and incipient tuberculosis.

The welfare department could do little but add another tragic case history to its files: "Mrs. C—, after failure to obtain a child in this area, went to Canada. At what she describes as a private baby home,

she was given a choice of eight children. She was not asked for certification as to her physical, mental and economic fitness for foster parenthood, nor was she given data on the physical or mental status of the child or its natural parents.

"The present tragedy is the result of a situation in which a child unfit for adoption was given to a woman unfit for the responsibilities of motherhood."

Hundreds of such instances of tragic, unapproved adoptions, recorded by Federal and state agencies in the United States, reveal the amazing growth of a cash-and-carry trade in infants across the U. S.-Canadian border.

The ramifications of the racket—sale of babies for up to \$1,500, immigration law violation, and high-pressure solicitation of unborn babies—have caused appeals to the FBI and investigations by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Inquiries revealed that three Provinces alone had been shipping nearly 200 babies a year across the border. This, however, was only the "declared" number which had un-

dergone passport formalities. The number smuggled across and delivered to purchasers is difficult to estimate accurately. But a U.S. immigration officer at a New Brunswick-Maine border point recently told questioners:

"Every day people take children over. No documents are required if Canadians are visiting for 29 days or less. It would be easy for someone to go over with a baby and come back without it — nobody would likely notice."

To combat this traffic in infant misery and adult heartbreak, the U. S. Children's Bureau and the Canadian Welfare Council have joined forces. Together they are striving to establish internationally accepted standards for adoption procedure and the transfer of children, realistically based on the knowledge that no law will stifle the yearning of a childless woman for a baby, no matter how poorly equipped she is for motherhood or how unsuitable the infant.

One of the first battles in the campaign was recently won when the Province of New Brunswick passed council-approved legislation to license and regulate "baby farms" and to outlaw canvassing by black-market peddlers of unborn and newborn infants.

NEW BRUNSWICK HAS BEEN the locale of the most vicious "baby ring." In one year, authorities estimate that 78 babies were "exported" from the city of St. John alone. One official attributed to one ring the disposal of 50 babies, at prices ranging from \$500 to \$1,500 each.

Wealthy New England couples were among customers of the ring. Its

method was to search out mothers-to-be, usually unmarried girls (illegitimate babies make up the greater part of the cross-border traffic), and offer to pay the costs of confinement in return for the infant. The ring "warehouse" was a boarding home in the heart of the city.

One woman solicitor haunted maternity wards, and was able to approach "prospects" by posing as a relative. In one hospital alone, she was registered as the "aunt" of five young expectant mothers.

One of these girls frankly informed an investigator: "I told the woman I wasn't interested in her proposition. I know I can't keep the baby, but I'm sure I can make a better deal for myself."

"Last year my sister 'got into trouble' and a lawyer here placed the baby with a New York couple. I took the baby down to them, and they gave me a job looking after it at \$35 a week."

"When my baby is born, I'm going to take it to the States, find a foster family and get a job with them. They don't have to know it's mine, and that way I can have my baby—and get paid for looking after it!"

The chaotic possibilities of this misguided girl's plan are the stuff of which social workers' nightmares are made. But unfortunately, the problem, even if no money transactions are involved, is so complex that it is not always easy to establish and maintain satisfactory procedures for adoption.

In the Province of Alberta, which exported more than 200 babies in a recent five-year period, widespread criticism of adoption methods caused the government to

appoint a commission of three judges to investigate the whole social-service system. The judges' report, issued last year, absolved provincial officials of any wrongdoing, but found so many weaknesses in the system that it called for an immediate halt to cross-border adoptions.

Chief reasons for this recommendation, now being considered by the Alberta Government, were:

(1) That in cross-border adoptions, a "probationary year," considered an essential safeguard for both foster parents and child, must be waived.

(2) That because adopting parents live outside Canadian jurisdiction, it is impossible to make an adequate appraisal of their home, circumstances and character.

Two cases cited by the Canadian Welfare Council substantiate the dangers of eliminating the "probationary year." In the first case, an American couple adopted a "lovely Canadian boy" with no medical history. They boasted to friends: "We couldn't have gotten a better baby if he had been specially selected for us by doctors and psychiatrists."

Then tragedy struck. The child became ill, and they called a physician. His diagnosis: congenital heart disease, with two years of pathetic life remaining, at most.

The other adoptive parents were cautious. They insisted on an examination of the baby by their own doctor. He reported the infant girl "in fine physical condition," which was true. But time brought the dreadful realization, confirmed by a specialist's examination, that the child was mentally subnormal

### "A Real Public Service"

UNREGULATED CHILD adoptions between Canada and the U.S. are producing problems that require the urgent attention of governmental authorities on both sides of the border. By revealing to its readers the potential dangers and the sometimes-tragic consequences of such adoptions, CORONET is performing a real public service.

—R. E. G. Davis, Executive Director, Canadian Welfare Council.

and would always be a burden to her parents.

The perfunctory nature of such adoption case-work has earned a reputation for some Provinces as "easy places to get babies," to the delight of childless parents and to the despair of welfare authorities in several states, who had no opportunity to examine the suitability of adoptive homes before the babies were placed in them.

One state welfare department was critical of procedure in a case where a childless couple applied for a baby, were told that infants were available, and were given the choice between leaving selection of the infant to provincial authorities, in which case only two days would be required to complete formalities, or choosing their own child, which would entail a ten-day stay in Canada. To save time, the couple decided to have the baby pre-selected for them.

If that adoption had gone through an internationally approved procedure, it would have required not two or even ten days, but two to six months of prelimi-

nary investigation of both baby and parents, plus six months to a year of probationary adoption.

In some cases the adopting parents were never seen by placement officials. A Canadian welfare department employee delivered the selected baby to the couple's home. In four cases, couples who applied for twins were given "twins" created by pairing babies born on the same day to different mothers. One foster mother, none the wiser, said proudly that "people keep remarking on the resemblance of the twins to each other."

IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, the illegitimacy rate is only three per cent, lowest in Canada and about 25 per cent below the national level. Yet the Province, where families are usually large, has a sizable number of children available for quick adoption; an average of 75 are taken by American families annually.

In Quebec, the Canadian Welfare Council's objective is to impress on the church-affiliated social agencies, which in that Province take the place of government welfare departments, the importance

of detailed sociological data to protect the baby's physical and mental development, and to safeguard the foster parents who accept the children so eagerly.

At best, however, effective laws and efficient social-service work can solve only part of the problems created by cross-border adoptions. The human element represented by childless couples who want a baby—any baby—will continue to produce heartbreak. Hence this joint plea from Canadian and American welfare authorities to parents contemplating adoption:

"Don't take a chance on a 'quick' baby, obtained through doubtful channels. Be assured that free-lancing doesn't pay in adoption. You don't want just any child, you want one who will fit into your family. Therefore, make your application to an approved agency in your own state. If the waiting period seems intolerably long, remember that adoption stretches through the years.

"Adoption is the establishment of a relationship that lasts a lifetime. Being sure you have the right child for your home is worth all the time it may take."



### Animals as Teachers

WE SHOULD ALL be better, I think, and more contented if we associated more with animals. They are perfectly old-fashioned; they do not read the newspapers and they do not vote. They have other delightful virtues. They think so much better of us than we are that it is an encouragement. They give so much to us in proportion to what they get that it shames our poor generosity. I respect considerably the idea that God made them to be, not exactly an example to us, but a suggestion.

—EDWARD S. MARTIN



At 85, Doc Waddell, Big Top chaplain, is still going strong, ministering to the needs of his unique congregation

## An ELEPHANT Is His Pulpit

by MORTON BARRETT

AS THE SUN ROSE behind the Big Top one morning last summer, doors of the red-and-gold wagons opened and circus performers stepped down onto a carpet of damp sawdust. Calling cheery "Good Mornings" to each other, they walked past the show posters, past the cages of lions and tigers and the deserted refreshment stands, to a plot of ground near the main tent. Here they joined a group of early risers standing in a silent semicircle.

All eyes fixed on a curious tableau. A huge elephant stood patiently, her head turned inquiringly toward the men and women watching someone on her back. Atop Burma's broad, solid back stood a sturdy figure. His 205 pounds of muscle and sinew barely dented the elephant's thick hide.

Tossing silver-gray hair from his eyes, the man raised sun-tanned arms to the sky. "Brothers and sisters," he announced, "we will now sing that favorite hymn of show people, *Just As I Am*."

A chorus of sopranos and baritone tones rose to the Big Top's fluttering pennants as the circus band ompahed a brassy accompaniment. Then, when the last voices



ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH

had died away, the Rev. William Shackleford Andres bowed his head in prayer. And so, once more, "Doc Waddell," the 85-year-old preacher, had opened another of his "Services of the Dawn" as official chaplain to the Mills Brothers Circus.

After 76 years on the sawdust trail, Doc Waddell today is the only practicing circus chaplain in

America. A tough, calloused veteran of circusdom, he is responsible for the spiritual health of trainers, roustabouts, trapeze artists, freaks, bareback riders, clowns and lion tamers who make up one of the most unusual congregations to which any preacher ever ministered.

Doc Waddell was born with the scent of sawdust in his nostrils. His grandfather was the great David Hahn, a Virginian who trained the first Bengal tigers in America, aboard the colorful showboats that cruised the Mississippi in the '80s. His mother rode horses bareback as a member of the Sam Stickney family of riders.

While still a boy in Portsmouth, Ohio, young Will Andres used to "borrow" his mother's tights and put on a make-believe circus. One day, while hanging by his toes from a grape arbor, he fell and fractured his skull. Then and there, his mother rung down the curtain on Will's neighborhood circus.

But Will was stubborn. As soon as his bones had knit, he ran away from home. It was Grandpa David Hahn, then a performer with the old John Robinson Circus, who got nine-year-old Will a job as "candy butcher." On the side the boy drove stakes, tied ropes, fed animals and learned the many odd duties of the circus hanger-on.

From the sawdust ring, Doc Waddell—a nickname he picked up with the Robinson show—moved into the gambling field. For several years he rode boats and trains, shuffling his cards with dexterity. He roamed from one smoky backroom to another, coaxed salesmen into draw-poker matches, worked the pea-and-shell game, and became, he

frankly admits, a "sure-thing man."

Then, one day in 1905, Will was called home. His father, a railroad engineer, had been killed in a locomotive explosion. "It was then," Doc says, "that I felt love at its fullest. How the burial service gripped me! It was the greatest sermon I had ever heard."

From that day, Doc's life was changed. One night, in a Cincinnati rooming house, a "still small Voice" told him to "go into jails, prisons, the lowest habitations of man—and hunt out the lost."

Doc listened, and soberly promised. He studied theological books and talked with ministers. Finally he became a Methodist preacher.

For 17 years, Doc Waddell wandered through the Midwest, carrying his message to derelicts, bums and gamblers. Then, one day in 1923, the "still small Voice" spoke again. The brawny preacher declares it asked him why circuses had no chaplains. Doc didn't know, but he determined to find out.

"Up to my typewriter I went," says Doc, "and wrote a story for the show people's Bible, *Billboard*. Letters poured in. The American Circus Corporation said: 'We want you as chaplain. What is your proposition?'"

Doc accepted the offer on one condition: he should receive no salary — "just free-will offerings." First, he joined the T. A. Wolfe Superior Shows at Augusta, Georgia. In 1925 and 1926, he was chaplain of the famous Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, and then presided over the "canvas church" of the Dodson's World's Fair Shows for ten years.

A decade ago, when Doc was

holding prayer meetings for the John Francis Southern Exposition Shows, "Jack" Mills came to see him. A former candy butcher himself, the 33-year-old impresario had teamed up with three brothers to launch the Mills Brothers Circus.

"When Jack became owner," Doc says, "he determined not to exhibit on Sunday, to tolerate no gambling, and to have church and Sunday school. I became pastor of his 'canvas church' and am still with him, going strong at 85."

Because Sunday is "rest day" for the circus, Doc holds no Sabbath services. But on a weekday, he will mount Burma's comfortable back or stand on a wagon tongue to conduct a "Service of the Dawn," followed by a "Sunday school" for the 50-odd performers' children. On the show lot, Doc's flock includes Catholics, Jews, Protestants and Hindus.

Doc is proud of the 66 circus marriages he has performed, with "not one couple divorced."

Several years ago, he officiated at his most unusual wedding. The groom was "Bluey-Bluey," a mid-guet. His bride was "Jolly-Molly," the circus fat lady. The marriage took place in the center ring, with

clowns and ballet girls as attendants, and 200 wedding guests applauding happily.

Even while the circus hibernates in winter quarters in Ohio, Doc never indulges in the luxury of a vacation. Bible tucked firmly under his arm, he trudges off to amusement parks, jails, prisons, saloons, night clubs and rescue missions, obeying the command of the "still small Voice" to seek out the lost and bring them home to religion.

It was on such an errand years ago that he addressed a rescue mission in Columbus. While the congregation was singing, a notorious holdup man walked past the tent on his way to commit suicide in the Scioto River. From the open canvas flap, however, came the words of his mother's favorite hymn. Tears blinding his eyes, the robber stumbled inside and down the aisle to where Doc Waddell stood.

"He was converted," Doc says. "He became a Methodist minister and worked hard in a West Virginia rescue mission until his death."

It is such memories that make Doc Waddell's 85 years easy to bear as he brings his faith to show people, who live to make other people happy.

## The Last Word

WHILE TRAVELING through the countryside, we stopped at a dilapidated gas station. The friendly owner soon had our children drinking soda, and before we left he insisted that we go around back to view his garden.

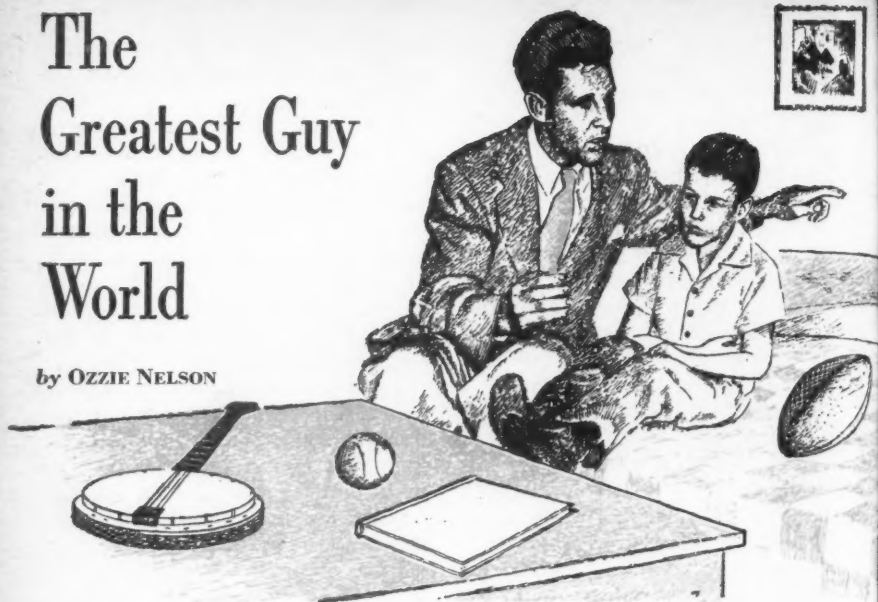
We complimented him on his nice vegetables, and he insisted on our accepting some. As I carried the produce back to the car, his young son followed along, and I couldn't help mentioning to him how generous his father was.

The youngster nodded in approval, then added slowly, "Mother says that's why we're so poor."

—M. MARTIN

# The Greatest Guy in the World

by OZZIE NELSON



RICKY, OUR eight-year-old son, is a friendly sort of fellow. Not long ago, he asked if he might bring a boy home from school to spend the night with him. Casually we said, "Of course—any time."

The following Friday, Ricky returned from school accompanied by a shiny-faced seven-year-old with an overnight bag clutched in his fist. "This is my friend, Walter," said Ricky. "He's going to spend the night, like you said."

Carefully pinned to the inside of Walter's coat was a note from his mother, expressing the hope that Walter would be a good boy. She added that she would stop by next afternoon to pick him up.

Before dinner, Ricky suggested that we play football in the vacant lot back of our house. I suspected that he not only wanted to enter-

tain Walter but also wanted to show him that his Dad was pretty adept with the pigskin.

Fortunately, I got off some good passes and we were all having fun when Harriet announced dinner. Anticipating some compliment from Walter, I said: "You caught those passes very well, Walter."

"Thank you," he replied tolerantly, "you threw them very well, too. Of course, not as good as my Pop. He throws passes better than anybody in the world!"

"Come on," said Harriet, "dinner is ready."

If there's one thing I do well, it's carve a roast. And this particular evening, I did as nice a job as I have ever done. Even Harriet piped up: "My, you carved that beautifully, didn't he, boys?"

"You sure did, Pop," said Ricky.



"Yes," ventured our guest, "you carve almost as well as my father. Nobody in the world can carve as neat as he does—boy!"

The toughest one to take, however, came as the youngsters were being tucked into bed. If I do say so myself, I have a really sensational bedtime story for boys—a slightly enlarged version of a haunted-house tale with which our Scoutmaster held us bug-eyed during our first year at camp.

I think I outdid myself this night. I glanced at Walter and knew I had him. He was breathless, eagerly awaiting every word.

At the end of the story, I got my old banjo from the closet and gave my best song—a Van & Schenk arrangement of *In Napoli*. The boys laughed and applauded.

As I said good night, Walter was

bright-eyed and happy. "Gosh, Mr. Nelson, that was wonderful! I think you're the best storyteller and singer in the world."

I beamed, but only for a moment, for he quickly added: "Of course, except for my Pop. You oughta hear the stories *he* tells!"

"And he sings, too?" I added, a bit sarcastically. "Oh, yes," said Walter. "Very funny songs!"

I won't bore you with more of the aggravating details. Let it suffice that next afternoon we tried softball, Ping-pong and a few lawn acrobatics, in which I walked on my hands and did my first flip-flop in ten years. It was all very good—but not, of course, as good as Walter's father.

I thought his mother would never show up. Walter was a very nice boy, but a long, slow burn was building up within me. Funny, though, I couldn't make up my mind whether I was madder at him or his father, who could do everything better than I could—better than anyone in the world.

At 5 o'clock our doorbell rang. There stood a very attractive young lady who announced herself as Walter's mother. "I've always wanted to meet you," she said, "because Ricky has told us so much about his wonderful Daddy."

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I've been eager to meet you, and especially your husband. Judging from what Walter has told us about him, he must be the greatest guy in the world."

"I thought so," she said. Then tears came into her eyes. "You see, Walter has never seen his Daddy. He was killed at Corregidor when our boy was just a baby."

# The Robot Makers of Rochester

by ERIC GWYN

The amazing, all-but-human instruments of the Taylor Companies have circled the globe to solve many a ticklish problem

AFTER DRIFTING FOR three days on a storm-tossed raft, the shipwrecked sailor's first thought, as he stumbled up the beach, was to start a fire. Carefully he dragged driftwood logs together and heaped dry leaves between them. Then, drawing from his pocket a waterproof matchbox with a compass in its top, he prayerfully opened it. The last match was gone.

Nothing daunted, the sailor turned the box upside down and struck the base a sharp blow with his knife. A fat spark caromed to the tinder. Blowing lustily, he was rewarded with a tongue of flame . . .

Lost in a blizzard while skiing on Mount Washington, a 19-year-old Harvard student was near death from exposure when rescuers found him. At the hospital a surgeon looked at his frozen, blackened feet and shook his head. "We may have to amputate," he said.

But a colleague with a different idea sent a telegram to Rochester, New York. Soon a plane settled on a near-by strip and disgorged a machine equipped with pumps and motors. Each of the boy's legs was encased to the thigh in a glass boot sealed with a rubber gasket. The motors were started.

Gradually the alternating cycles of vacuum and air pressure began



coaxing circulation back into the lifeless limbs. A few weeks later the boy was able to walk out of the hospital, fully recovered . . .

It was zero hour at Oak Ridge. Inside the gigantic U-shaped plant known as K-25, a little knot of engineers and scientists was gathered before the central control panel. Millions of dollars, untold tons of reinforced concrete, and 43 carloads of the most intricate process-control mechanisms known to human ingenuity had gone into the building of this fantastic factory. Its purpose: to separate chain-reacting Uranium 235 from its common, stable companion 238.

Workers couldn't go near the radioactive finished product or the process material, a radioactive gas. Furthermore, the process depended for success upon pressure changes as slight as the weight of one mosquito. Consequently, K-25 had to be completely automatic.



But would the behemoth behave? Some of the men who had built it thought not. Waves of pressure, they predicted, would surge up and down the 11-mile-long system, upsetting the process. However, it was worth trying. If K-25 worked, America could build the bomb that would end the war.

Someone pulled the switch. Lights flickered, and indicator needles danced. For a few seconds it was touch and go; then K-25 steadied down to business. It has been running ever since . . .

The matchbox-compass, the glass boot and the educated robots are all products of a single unique factory — the Taylor Instrument Companies' plant at Rochester, New York. You may associate the familiar name with thermometers and with devices for predicting the weather, but you may not realize that hundreds of super-intelligent gadgets turned out by this 98-year-old concern serve you in many unheard-of ways.

Attend an air-conditioned movie: chances are the machinery that cleans and cools the air receives its orders from a Taylor mechanical brain. Take an ocean voyage: from engine room to bridge, your ship is crammed with gauges and thermometers that bear the same brand name. When you drive a car, you ride on tires propelled by gasoline. Both the tires and gasoline are manufactured with the aid of ingenious Taylor control instruments.

Other educated widgets direct the weaving and dyeing of clothes you wear, the processing of foods you eat, the manufacture of the paper in books and magazines you read, the curing of tobacco you

smoke, the distilling of your favorite whisky, the brewing of your favorite beer, the making of your favorite ice cream, and the carbonation of your favorite soft drink.

Taylor instruments have scaled the highest mountains, plumbed the ocean depths, visited both Poles. The world's most elevated meteorological observatory is equipped with Rochester-made weather recorders. Other Taylor mechanisms monitor the temperature of the White House, keep bugs from eating the bindings of books in the Congressional Library, refine oil in Saudi Arabia, mine gold in Java, and spin rayon in India and Cuba.

You can buy Taylor gadgets that tell where and when the fish are biting, how high you have climbed on foot or in your car, and in what direction you must go to get home. The "Stormoguide" tells you at a glance whether it is safe to hang out the family wash. And if you are prone to pull that old wheeze about it not being the heat but the humidity, you might do worse than to have a "Humidiguide" handy to back up your assertion.

THE ROCHESTER ENTERPRISE started back in 1851, when 19-year-old George Taylor, fresh from a New Hampshire farm, teamed up with David Kendall, 35, to make thermometers in a workshop overlooking the Erie Canal. With a few hundred dollars, Taylor had come to Rochester to seek his fortune. The thermometer business looked good; people were just beginning to buy the instruments; and Kendall was the son of the first thermometer manufacturer in the U. S.

The partners manufactured good

thermometers. When they had made enough to fill a trunk, young George would take off his apron, don his frock coat and beaver hat, and set forth on a selling trip to Boston, New York or Philadelphia. The firm prospered; but Kendall, a restless type, sold his interest and left for Michigan.

During the Civil War, Taylor had trouble getting mercury and glass of the right grade; consequently he closed shop and went to selling shoes. After the war he was joined by his younger brother, Frank, and the firm branched out into a more complete line of thermometers, barometers and other weather instruments. From that modest beginning, the company has grown to be one of the largest and most diversified instrument makers in the world, with subsidiary plants at Tulsa, San Francisco, Toronto and London.

The Taylor people pride themselves that their instruments are as accurate as Einstein, as dependable as Dobbin. Not long ago, a Minneapolis furniture man called up long distance to complain that the big advertising thermometer atop his roof was consistently registering 30 degrees too high. On days when the Weather Bureau announced that Minneapolis was enjoying a brisk ten below zero, his sign proclaimed a balmy 20 above.

A Taylor service man went to the scene and scaled the iron scaffolding with his delicate instruments. The thermometer was right. A new building was going up next door: smoke from the foreman's shack drifted across the roof, raising the temperature 30 degrees.

A man in Massachusetts pur-

chased a barometer ten years ago last September. Unwrapping it, he discovered that the needle was apparently stuck at the lower end of the dial. No amount of tapping would budge it. He wrote Taylor an indignant letter, then drove off to the post office to mail it. When he got back, his house was gone. His barometer had been trying to forewarn him of the big New England hurricane of 1938.

There are special Taylor thermometers for making candy, frying doughnuts, hatching eggs, raising chicks, testing the warmth of hot-house soils, and checking baby's bath. A modern oven thermometer makes it possible to bake cakes that are light and fluffy; and a roast-meat thermometer—built like a skewer and thrust into the thickest portion of the roast—can save on your meat bill by preventing shrinkage from overcooking.

Then, too, there's a minimum-reading thermometer that tells the farmer where to plant his orchard to avoid damage from late spring frosts; and a tiny maximum-registering thermometer that can be sealed inside a test can of tuna before processing, to tell the packer whether his cans are being adequately cooked.

**T**HE FOLKS AT ROCHESTER have grown accustomed to having weird problems dumped into their laps. For instance, a scientist in the Galapagos wanted to gauge the surface temperature of volcanic rocks sizzling in the equatorial sun. Taylor engineers rigged up a gadget that would do the trick. A big tobacco company wanted to measure the heat inside a burning cigarette.

Taylor designed a special thermocouple. A New York hospital doing vital cancer research wanted to take the temperature of sick mice. Taylor craftsmen turned out a tiny copy of their standard fever thermometer, no bigger than a matchstick.

The glass boot, already mentioned, is another example of how the Rochester craftsmen crack unusual problems. The boot was invented by Dr. Louis Herrmann of the University of Cincinnati. On a trip to Switzerland, he was amazed to find that old people whose legs were cramped from circulation stoppage regained full use of their extremities at high altitudes. Apparently, low air pressure encouraged the blood to open up new channels.

Dr. Herrmann determined to build a machine that would do the same thing artificially. Lacking production facilities, he appealed to Taylor. Their engineers wrestled with the problem for months before they succeeded in building a model that worked. Today, more than 500 of these magic slippers of medicine are performing their merciful work in hospitals from Portland, Oregon, to Muscat, Arabia.

Taylor's craftsmen have invented gadgets that can control and operate industrial processing equipment more reliably than men themselves. Many modern industrial processes are too rapid, too delicate, too complex or too dangerous to be entrusted to human hands. Some—like the separation of uranium—are all four. For such industries, Taylor engineers have dreamed up instruments that do their own observing, thinking and acting. They

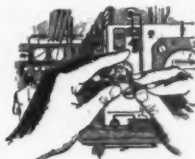
supply the factory superintendent with extra eyes and ears, extra hands, and even an extra brain.

During the past few years, automatic devices have replaced human hands at the controls of factory after factory, thereby solving a wide variety of problems—from the making of tougher tires to the baking of better bread. One particular push-button gadget will run anything from a jam kettle to a complicated process in a giant sugar plant. On the Carolina coast, Taylor-made mechanisms control the extraction of bromine from sea water for antiknock gasoline. Other

eagle-eyed devices ride herd on the manufacture of perfumes, plastics, antifreeze, sulfa drugs and streptomycin.

Throughout the food industry, Rochester-made devices are busy smoking bacon, curing sausage, canning beans, freeing peaches, refining sugar and ripening bananas. One rayon manufacturer demanded a control that would follow a precise, complicated time schedule, starting and stopping a dozen different operations both simultaneously and in series. When Taylor engineers gave him what he wanted, textile and tobacco plants discovered that this was just what they had been looking for, too.

Taylor's own method of operation presents a striking contrast to the automatic, mass-production type of factory that its devices have made possible. Within the big plant at Rochester, you encounter no clattering conveyor belts, no thunderous machinery. Instead, you find quiet, air-conditioned, fluorescent-



lighted rooms, filled with benches at which white-smocked technicians deftly work with hand tools.

Any worker who has been with Taylor less than 25 years is considered a mere boy. In the thermometer department, you will meet Jack Thompson, who has been at his bench daily since 1886—surely an all-time record.

One Taylor employee in 12 is a Ph.D., a graduate engineer, or the holder of some other degree. This makes them about the most erudite factory hands in the U. S.

People are forever writing in to ask such posers as: How cool is a cucumber? (Answer: 20 degrees cooler inside when the temperature is 90 in the shade.) What spot in the U.S. has had the greatest snow-

fall? (Tamarack, California, with a record 73 feet, 8 inches during a single winter.) What are my chances of being struck by lightning? (Three in a million.)

Never satisfied, Taylor craftsmen are always dreaming up ways to improve their product—and thereby make our lives safer, pleasanter and more productive. In their visionary moments, they even foresee a time when not only chemical plants but factories will be run by merely pushing buttons—and when workers, released from drudgery, will need only to set up the machines, make inspections and take care of repairs. Should that happy day ever arrive, it is a safe bet that Taylor will be on hand with a whole new set of robot gadgets.

## A Lesson in

## Teamwork

IF I HAD A CHANCE to address the United Nations, I would simply relate an anecdote of my early years in Massachusetts. One morning the trolley car in which I was riding stopped. A huge wagon, heavily loaded, was stalled on the tracks. The driver howled and lashed the four horses; the animals reared, whinnied, pulled, first one and then another; but the wagon did not budge an inch.

Another teamster had approached, and now stood quietly watching the aimless efforts of a frantic driver. "Take off those four and I'll pull that load with my two bay horses," he said with challenging eye and voice.

The frantic driver laughed. "What can your two do, when my four can't drag this load!" he replied sarcastically.

"My two will pull that wagon off the tracks," the teamster said confidently.

"Then get them two to work!" howled the motorman of the immobile trolley.

The kicking, rearing two span of horses was removed and the new team of large, powerful bays was hitched to the wagon. The new driver gently tightened the reins, unhurriedly spoke but two words—"Steady, together."

The horses responded by settling into their collars, bent their long, powerful backs as one horse for a long pull, and the load began to move. Amid thunderous applause, the horses pulled the wagon from the tracks as the smiling driver announced: "Two horses are a blamed sight better than four, if they pull together."

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

# HANDS ACROSS THE SEAS

by EVA VB. HANSL



A little-known branch of the State Department works day and night to aid and protect American citizens in foreign lands

TO MOST AMERICANS, the State Department is a somewhat remote collection of gentlemen in striped pants, who issue weighty statements of policy and hold conferences over green-baize tables. In back of these big-name diplomats, however, is an important yet unpublicized branch of the State Department which deals quietly with the individual problems of individual people.

Officially known as the Division of Protective Services, this most human of government bureaus is the Department's overalls-and-shirt-sleeves gang. On a fairly routine day recently, the Division received letters and radiograms much like these:

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Dear Mr. President:

Please, Your Honor, help us to find our brother Peter. Our father was a miner here. So we should all be Americans. But Peter he went back to Rumania to see our grandparents before the war and we do not hear from him today. Is it that Rumania is now Russia? We send money to bring him home if you make him an American again. Thank you.

His brothers and sister,  
Paul, Mike and Anna Czenick

Mexico City

Dear Congressman:

They've clapped me into jail on a false charge of stealing a car and it's up to you to get me out of here with some good old American justice and cash. Don't tell the old man but send me \$500 under the name of Joe Doakes. Thanks.

Jim Donnelly

Radiogram from *SS Queen Victoria*:  
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

Passenger traveling alone, Mrs. Dorothy Smith of Pasadena, California, died of heart attack this morning. Please send representative to take charge on landing at Cherbourg.

Capt. John Smith

Urgent messages of this kind, no matter to whom they may be addressed, eventually reach DPS officials. Action is their watchword—action to carry out the laws governing the rights of our citizens in foreign lands. Often such action goes underground. Sometimes it takes place near a field of battle. Not infrequently it concerns sudden death, as when Tom Wasson, U. S. Consul General in Palestine, was mysteriously shot in Jerusalem.

The Division's many functions

range from simple notarization of papers "on American soil" in order to shorten transoceanic correspondence, to finding long-lost relatives. One day's activities might show that this protective arm of Uncle Sam was extended to as many as 500 persons in as many places, differing as widely as these:

A letter from the American consul in Stuttgart, Germany, goes to a Midwestern mother, revealing that her 17-year-old son is being sent home by plane. This is the happy ending to a three-year search for the lad who had been taken to Austria as a boy by his father, never to return.

The mother's fears that he might have been taken to Russia for enforced labor were well-founded. After she had turned to the Department of State for help, our Moscow Embassy succeeded in finding the youth in a Soviet labor camp, half-starved and suffering from tuberculosis. Arrangements were made to send him to a sanitarium near his boyhood home, where he will be restored to health and his mother's happiness.

A foreign-exchange expert is called in to advise an American exporter in San Francisco how to adjust a bill rendered for a ton of Oriental hog bristles, shipped in July and received in September, during which time the exchange value of the inflated Chinese dollar skyrocketed.

And 'way Down Under, in far-away New Zealand, Uncle Sam—through the DPS—is playing Cupid's aide to 20 pretty GI brides who are boarding a vessel bound for their new homes in the States.

The Division was formed soon

after war broke out in Europe in 1939, when the Department of State realized that many Americans, caught abroad, would have to be helped home.

Experience in World War I had shown that a special division to handle the personal problems of travelers would leave the Department free to give full attention to matters of State. So DPS was established on September 30.

**B**Y THE TIME AMERICA entered World War II, our consuls around the world had advertised for nationals to come in or write to headquarters, telling who and where they were. Once a month, additions to the list are sent to Washington. Thus, at any moment, the Division can inform the Secretary of State how many Americans are located in an area where a suspected hot spot might suddenly burst into flames.

For example, when rioting broke out last year in Bogota, Colombia, the DPS was set to handle the emergency. Day and night its offices were kept open to receive the deluge of inquiries from frantic friends and relatives, business firms, press and radio regarding the safety of Americans. By the time the five-day revolution was spent, the anxiety of the folks back home had also been allayed.

For handling this upset in South America, the situation in Palestine had offered excellent training. Under even more trying difficulties, our Foreign Service establishments had enabled the DPS to send more than 1,000 letters and half as many telegrams in one year to persons in the U. S., reporting on the "welfare



and whereabouts" of individuals and families in Palestine.

Most of the persons seeking help from the Division are victims of an international situation beyond their control. The present program is set up in recognition of their plight. It is not, however, set up for the benefit of incompetents or ne'er-do-wells who expatriated themselves in peacetime, or to retrieve those who preferred to live in the sun of the Riviera or the artistic atmosphere of Paris.

If any case brought to the DPS turns out to involve a person who expects Uncle Sam to support him or her in the manner in which he or she would like to be accustomed, dismissal is summary. If such people want to come home, they must find the means to do it by themselves.

Americans seeking their fortune in countries where new opportunities seem favorable make up a goodly number of the cases handled by DPS. One such story with a happy ending concerns the family with four children that emigrated to the Caribbean, only to run into a streak of hard luck. Finally, when the husband fell ill, the wife applied to the American Consul for help to get back to the States, where she could support herself and the children in her native Massachusetts. She had taken nurses' training, but had failed to graduate.

Knowing of the nurse shortage, the Consul arranged with the hospital where the mother had taken her training to let her finish her course and, when she was ready to earn, to send for her children. Meanwhile, he had placed the children in an institution. The last entry in this record is a letter from

the grateful mother to the Consul, dated a year later:

My Good Friend:

I find it difficult to write, for my heart is too full with gratitude. You have restored my children to me and you have enabled me to regain my self-respect. What more can a mother want?

OF THE 100,000 CASE histories in DPS files, each has a dossier of its own, recorded on small cards—sometimes as many as 50 to a case. Capsuled this way, they read like a series of novels, or scripts for Hollywood productions.

But the chief of the Division, Edward Eyre Hunt, is not a Hollywood executive. This veteran Government official surrounds himself with quiet calm and unobtrusive efficiency, for he knows that only well-run, simplified routine will preserve the common sense so necessary in an emergency.

A slight man with a broad brow and kind gray eyes, Hunt doesn't want to talk about what he has done in the past. He wants to tell you what he is expected to do right now—and how hard his staff is working to help him.

"There are still some 25,000 Americans abroad, waiting to be repatriated," he says. "This is five times as many as in 1945, when the war ended. While the war was on, there was little the State Department could do to help those trapped in a war area. Thousands of men, women and children, many underfed and others penniless and homeless, besieged us for help."

The first consideration in screening these cases is, of course: "Are they citizens of the U.S.A.?"

Often this is tremendously dif-

difficult to prove, especially if the individuals have lost their passports and other documentary evidences of identification.

You know you were born—and the consular agent must admit as much, since you are visible to his eye. Nevertheless, you must prove where and when you were born—and who your parents were and *where they were born*.

Most people don't know the answer to this last question—offhand. Some don't even know where they were born, or the year. Then how can they hope to prove their U. S. citizenship, if they are unable to remember what might be in the papers that they lack?

Fortunate are those who have relatives in America to identify them with affidavits and photostats of vital statistics—and, better still, the means to pay their passage home. Unfortunate, on the other hand, are those who have no one to turn to for money except Uncle Sam, for the State Department has no funds to pay the personal expenses of repatriation.

Loans are made, however, in cases where the surety is satisfactory. Out of 7,541 persons assisted in a recent six-month period, 2,714 loans were granted to 2,876 beneficiaries, totaling \$504,582.

"The marginal cases," says Hunt, "have been neglected or in a few instances covered by a small fund furnished the State Department by the American Red Cross. But this fund is nearly exhausted and will not be renewed."

No DPS problem presents so many

knotty angles as trying to get our nationals out from behind the Soviet's Iron Curtain. Despite frequent discouragements, U. S. representatives in "curtain countries" continue to put up a stiff fight to reclaim nationals. Joseph X. is one of the many for whom the gauntlet has been thrown down.

Emigrating to the States in the '20s with his bride, he became a citizen as quickly as the law permitted. After his wife's death in 1941, Joseph took their two chil-

dren back to his native Hungary for a visit. They arrived there on December 7th. The way back to the U. S. was closed indefinitely. Some day, he consoled himself, the war would end and he could return to the country of his choice. A year later, he married a

handsome young woman whom we will call Marina.

When Hungary decided to throw in its lot with Russia, the Reds moved in, and Joseph disappeared. Finally his wife received a postal giving his address as a Russian labor camp and reminding her, between the lines, that his children were Americans.

Taking the hint, she appealed to the American Consul in Budapest to reclaim her husband and get the family across the Atlantic in quick time. The Consul advised patience, particularly as there was nothing he could do for her and Joseph's children until the husband was returned by the Soviet.

Checking with the DPS in Washington, he learned that Joseph's passport was in order. Then he ob-



tained information and pictures from the parents which led to the deposit of \$1,000 by relatives in America for return passage.

Another year went by before Marina received word from Joseph that he had been transferred to a resettlement camp in the Russian Zone in Germany. To the Consul, that was not enough. In the name of the U. S. Government, he asked to have Joseph transferred to a camp in the American Zone. Miraculously, his request was granted.

Then came a sudden halt in the proceedings. The Legation at Budapest questioned the desirability of

having Marina become a U. S. citizen. In the books at Szégédin, they found the young woman proclaiming membership in the Communist Party, three years before she married Joseph.

So, Mr. X., what will you do? Go back to the Land of the Free with your two American-born children and without your Communist wife—or stay in Hungary? The case closes with the notation:

"Joseph X. and two children sailed from Trieste, May 19, 1948."

Across the last card, in red ink, is stamped the magic word:

"Repatriated."

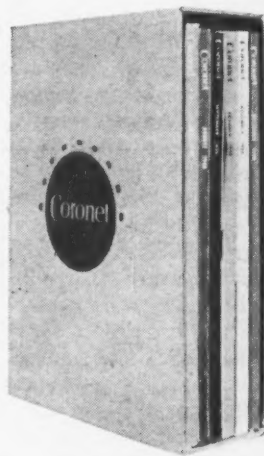
## Permanent Copies of Coronet

TO ENABLE YOU to make this issue a permanent part of your library, CORONET now offers two richly useful Magafiles—attractive, booklike covers—each of which holds six issues of this magazine.

With one file labeled January-June and the other July-December, copies of CORONET—in chronological order—can become handsome, significant additions to your library. A set of labels is provided for each year; the cost of both files is only 50 cents.

Ideal for your bookcase, table top or shelf, the sturdy, fiberboard files resemble a buckram-bound book. Magazines are inserted vertically between springlike flaps to prevent curling.

Just send 50 cents per set in check or money order to Coronet Readers' Service, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.



# GETTYSBURG

## AN AMERICAN EPIC

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

**I**N A VILLAGE not far from the Maryland line, a Pennsylvania housewife left her baking bread to glance anxiously to the street. Military wagons rumbled past and cavalry mounts pranced in the roadway, kicking up summer dust. Blue-uniformed men rode gun caissons south, toward the old cemetery.

It was the last day of June, 1863, and the quiet seminary town of Gettysburg had never known such a sense of menace. Men spoke tensely, their eyes on the horizon.

A few miles away, a gray-clad general, thinking of his barefoot troops, said to his corps commander: "If there is no objection, I will take my division to Gettysburg tomorrow and get those shoes."

And A. P. Hill, unaware of the Federal activity in Gettysburg, replied: "None in the world."

Simple words, and few men could foresee the tremendous forces which they would soon unleash . . .

For two years, North had fought South as the nation writhed in the grip of civil war. Now, having halted the Yankees in Virginia, Gen. Robert E. Lee had led his veterans to Pennsylvania in a bayonet-like thrust at the enemy's heart.

Meanwhile, Union forces, fearful for the safety of Eastern cities, assembled to meet the new threat. Inexorably, 163,000 men drew

closer, soon to lock in struggle. With the unwitting phrase, "None in the world," the grim story of the most decisive battle ever fought on American soil began to unfold . . .

As Confederate General Heth came to Gettysburg that hot Wednesday morning, seeking shoes for his footsore soldiers, he reached slow-moving Willoughby Run, west of town. Suddenly cannon fire shattered the stillness. The Yankees' Iron Brigade had opened up.

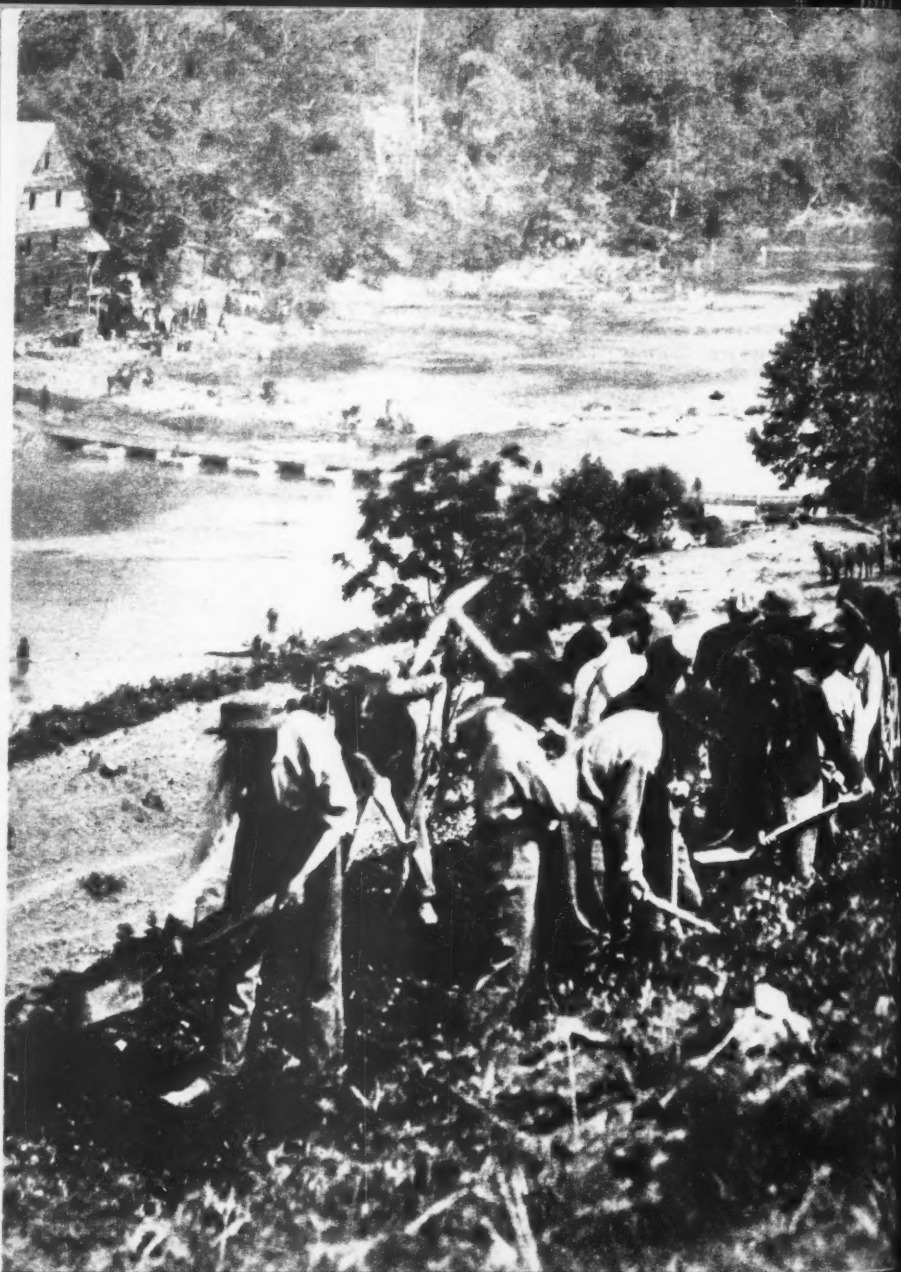
Back went a message to Lee: "The enemy is in heavy force in and around Gettysburg."

Reinforced, the Southerners raised their awesome Rebel yell and pushed the Yankees back through town, leaving rows of dead and wounded. Relentlessly they drove on, chasing the Federals past the cemetery, up to the ridge beyond the old tombstones. At last, the battle was joined . . .

Gettysburg, which led inevitably to the collapse of the Confederacy, was indeed an epic event. Now, pictures taken more than 85 years ago high light the story of three days of battle that changed the destiny of a nation.

In these amazing photographs, Gettysburg is seen through the eyes of Mathew Brady and other pioneer cameramen, who recorded the heroic tragedy for posterity.



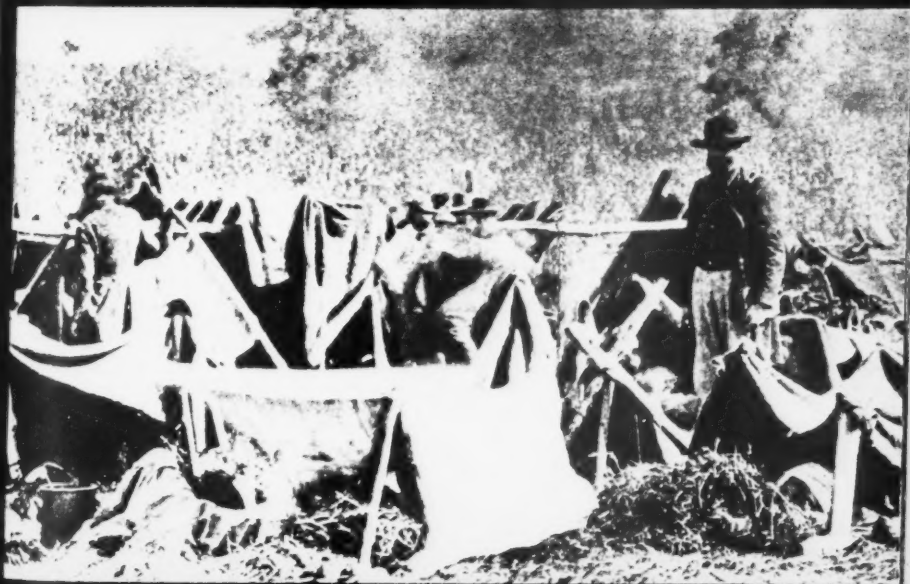


As Lee rolled up the Valley of the Cumberland and into the green fields of Pennsylvania, Union troops assembled to repel the invasion. Across the Northern states, the cry went up: "The Rebels are coming!"

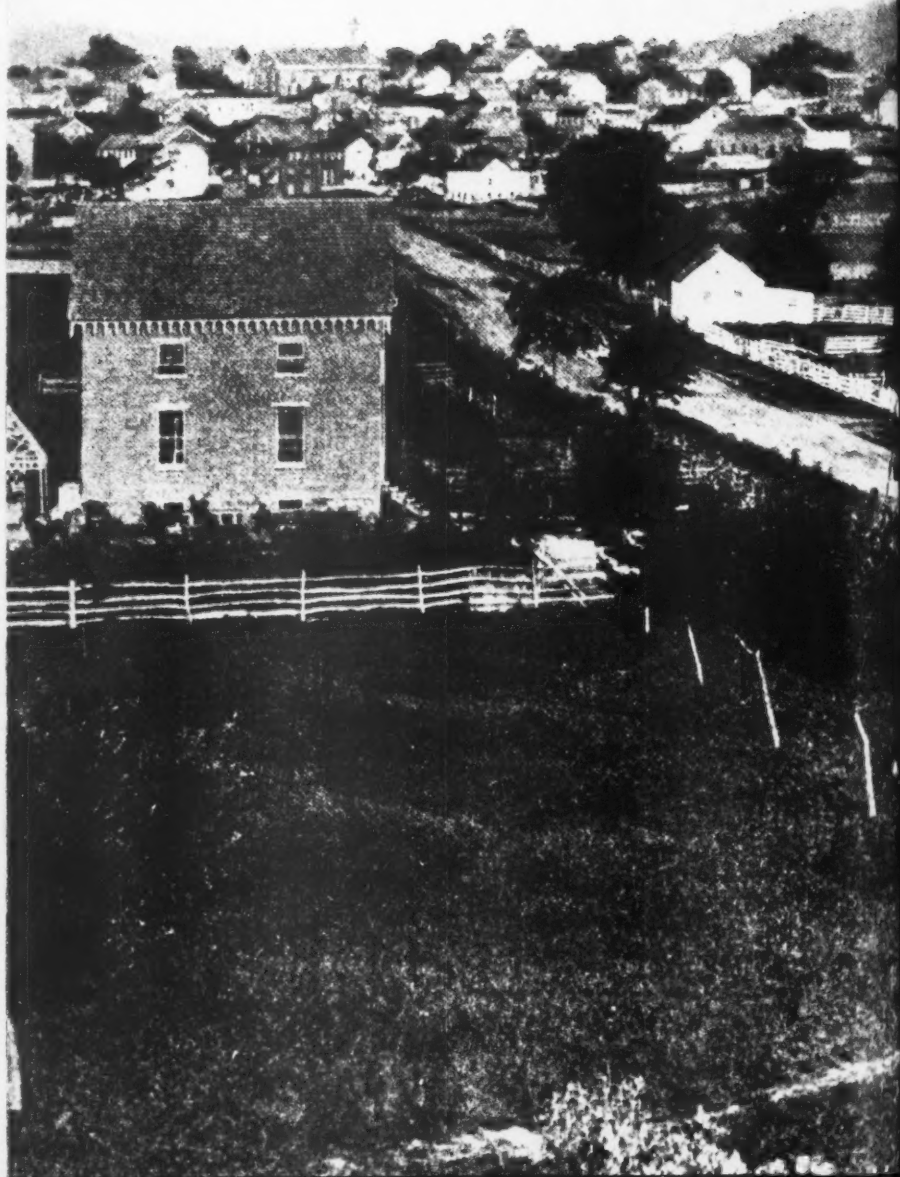




Thousands of wounded still nursed memories of the fierce struggles of 1861 and 1862. Other thousands had already lost their lives, and in North and South, lengthening casualty lists were fearfully studied.



Lee's earlier attempt to strike North had been repulsed at Antietam, one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. Now he was returning, to gamble the fate of the Southern cause on a new onslaught.



Confederate General Pender wrote his wife: "Everything . . . going finely. We might get to Philadelphia without a fight." A few days later, he and 3,903 of his countrymen lay dead in the fields near Gettysburg.



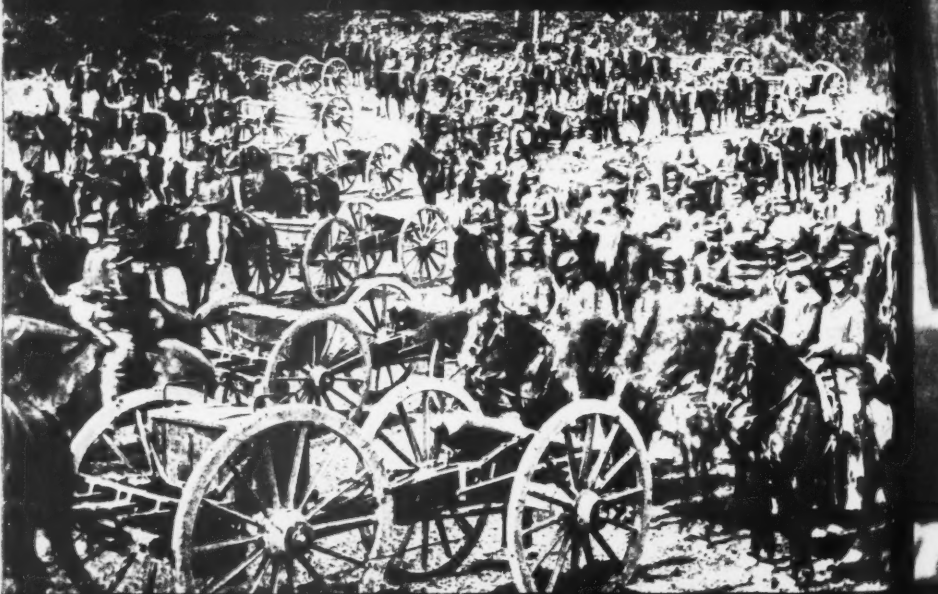
Lee pressed his first-day gains and gathered his forces for a master blow. The capture of Washington—even a complete Union surrender—were the possible rewards of a decisive Southern victory.



George Meade had been appointed Federal commander only a few days before. The soldier who once told his wife, "I like fighting as little as any man," was soon to win the greatest battle fought in America.



On the muskets of typical Rebels, like these, rested the hopes of the Confederacy. Always outnumbered but seldom outfought, Lee sorrowfully said of Gettysburg: "It's all my fault. I thought my men were invincible."



Northern troops, now seasoned veterans and led by able generals, were determined that Gettysburg would be no repetition of the disaster at Bull Run. Their backs were to the wall now, and they would hold.



When day broke on the 2nd of July, 88,000 Yankees faced 75,000 Rebels from the heights at each end of an orchard-dotted plain. Cemetery Hill and Seminary Ridge were about to move onto the pages of history.





Across the nation, sensing the magnitude of the struggle, the public waited tensely for news. Artists came to sketch the scenes, for photographic reproduction in newspapers and magazines was then unknown.



The storm broke. Lee smashed at the Federal right, then the left. That night, Meade wearily told the commander of his center corps: "Today he has struck the flanks. Your turn will come tomorrow."





Gettysburg was more than a clash of regiments and brigades. It was fought, too, between individual soldiers, like this Confederate sharpshooter in Devil's Den, who lost his duel with a Yankee marksman.



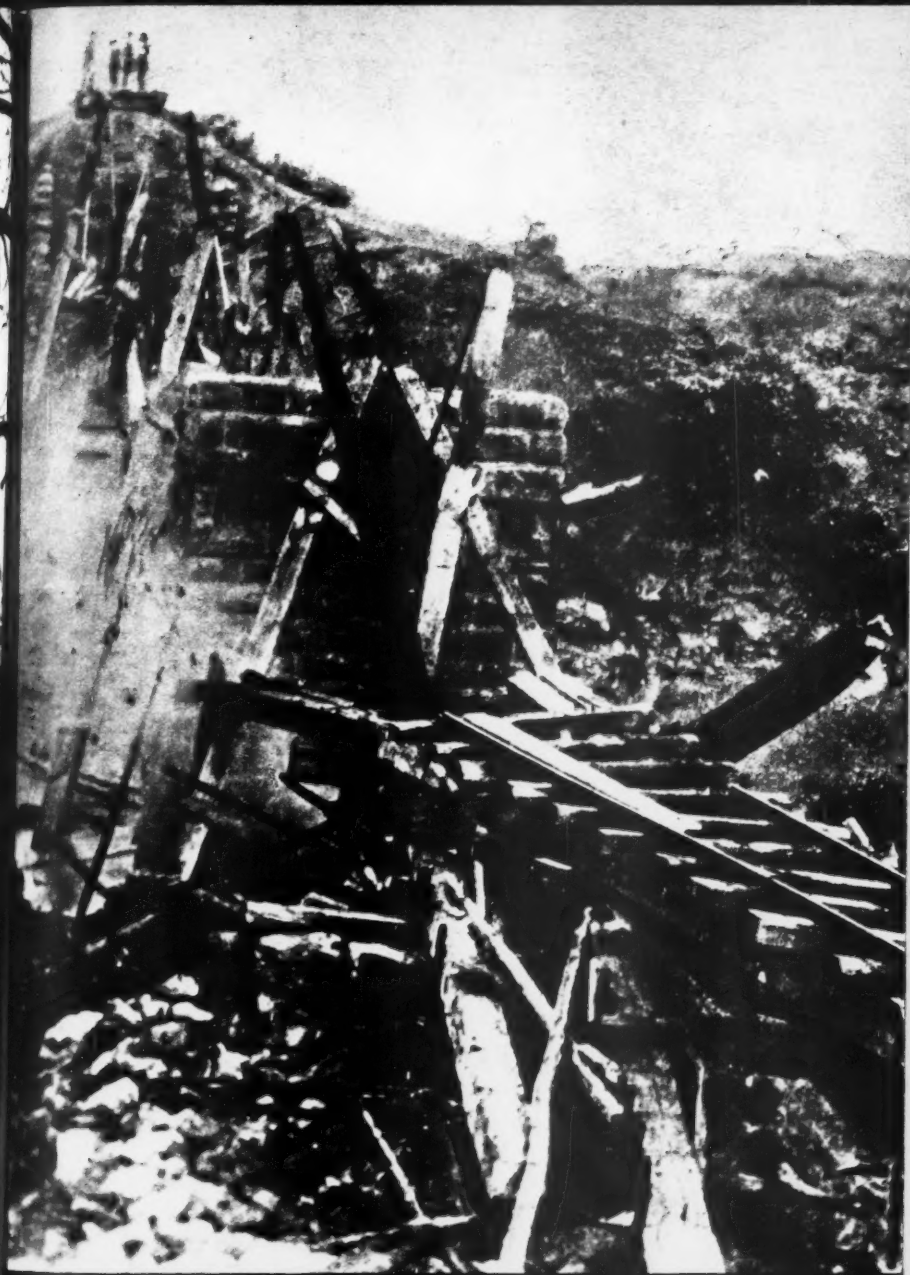
Pickett's famous charge failed. Later, the nightmare still ringing in his ears, he wrote his fiancée: "But for you, my darling, I would rather, a million times rather, sleep for all time in an unknown grave."



Soon, the unknown graves of Gettysburg became a shrine. A gaunt, sorrowing man spoke there: "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here."



Grant, who had cut the Confederacy in half at Vicksburg, was appointed to Union command. Vigorously he struck at Lee's armies. In 1864, he said: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."



Guerrilla warfare flamed and spread. Smoking lines of communication pitted the Southern countryside. The blockade tightened, and hunger, a powerful Northern ally, stalked the Confederacy. The end was near.

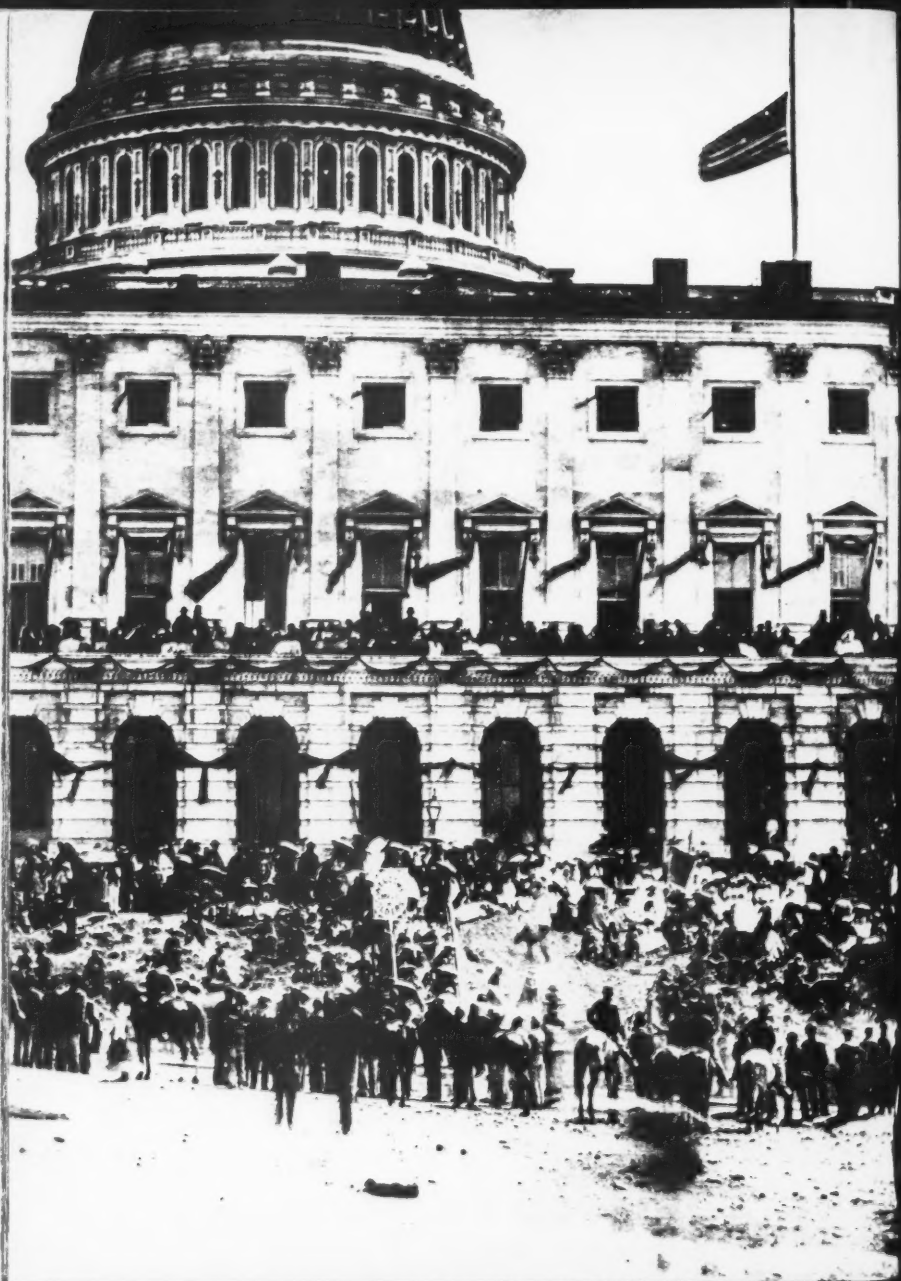


Richmond, proud capital of a nation born in rebellion and fated to perish in strife, was a blackened ruin when Lee finally abandoned it to the relentless Grant. Back, back Lee fell . . . to Appomattox!





The Confederate Commander, who might have led the Union armies but for the secession of his native Virginia, gave his sword to Grant and went home, mourning for the men who had followed him to the end.



In Washington, the paean of triumph became a dirge even as the victors rejoiced. The hope for a peaceful reconstruction of the South, held out by President Lincoln, had been dashed by an assassin's bullet.





ic-  
ath,  
let.

## GETTYSBURG—AN EPILOGUE

**H**ISTORIANS still debate the role of chance at Gettysburg. Neither commander wanted to fight there, but in the tides of war, the unforeseen often becomes the reality. On an order shouted through the din of battle, on a sudden spate of fury or courage, the fate of a nation sometimes hangs.

Today, men ask what would have happened if Jeb Stuart had not raced off on a cavalry raid, robbing Lee of the eyes of his armies? What if Stonewall Jackson had still been alive to demonstrate his tactical wizardry?

What if Lee had noted that Little Round Top commanded the battlefield? Unoccupied until July 2, its importance was suddenly recognized by both sides. Then the 20th Maine threw the Rebels back and a Confederate commander mourned: "Another lost opportunity?"

What if Lee had heeded a subordinate's warning that Pickett's troops were doomed? Longstreet told him before the ill-fated charge: "General, I have been a soldier all my life. It is my opinion that no 15,000 men ever arrayed for battle can take that position."

But Lee stood firm. Federal batteries on Cemetery Ridge were silent, and the Southern leader believed they had expended their ammunition. Only after Pickett's men moved out and the fearful cannonading began, did Lee learn the truth—the Yankees had husbanded their shells for the charge.

And Northerners were to lament lost opportunities, too. Federal

raiders had cut the Confederate line of retreat, and for days after the battle, Lee waited fearfully for his disheartened troops to be smashed. But Meade hesitated.

Lincoln, who had wanted to come to Gettysburg and spur the army forward, spoke sadly when he heard that Lee's forces had escaped. "We had only to stretch forth our hands and they were ours. And nothing I could say or do could make the army move."

And so Lee withdrew, to continue the Confederacy's futile struggle for two long years more . . .

At Gettysburg, the heat broke at last, and rain fell on July 4. As doctors and ambulances moved onto the scene, neither retreating Confederates nor jubilant Northerners recognized the great issue that had been decided on that field. Only a few sensed that the twilight of the Confederacy had come.

Today, Gettysburg is again a placid town. Its population has increased only a few thousand since the fateful days of 1863. Sloping hills and tended trees might be those of any park, for time has rubbed away the scars of war. But markers tell the story of the men who lie, untroubled now, side by side:

*Position held by the 1st Regiment, Delaware Volunteer Infantry.*

*A council of war was held in this house on the night of July 2, 1863.*

These, and the ever-burning torch of peace on Oak Ridge, are the last and lasting tributes to the men of valor "who here gave their lives that that nation might live."

## DETROIT'S SWEETEST BUSINESS



by A. J. CUTTING

The Sanders confectionery stores have grown with the city to gain world renown

FOR LONGER THAN they can remember, Detroiters have been swarming into Sanders confectionery stores for sodas and sundaes, candy, lunches and baked goods. Every day except Sunday, the 26 spotless retail units, dotted over metropolitan Detroit, are packed almost from the time the doors swing open until the "closed" signs are hung out at night. Sweet-minded citizens queue up patiently, for Sanders has a long-established reputation for turning out toothsome confections at reasonable prices.

Sanders' popularity dates back to a spring day in 1875, when the original little confectionery was crowded with thirsty customers waiting for a "sweet-cream soda," a popular concoction of cream, flavoring and carbonated water. In the back room, Frederick Sanders and his wife, Rosa, faced catastrophe. They were out of cream!

"Perhaps we could use ice cream instead," Sanders suggested.

Rosa was doubtful. But Sanders, in desperation, popped scoops of ice cream into the flavoring and soda water. Then he served his customers the first ice-cream sodas in Michigan—perhaps, he thought, the first in history! Before long, people were coming from all over the state to try the new mixture.

Today few, if any, confectionery organizations in the country do such a volume of business at soda fountains in as limited an area. And, though all the Sanders stores are within metropolitan Detroit limits, the company is one of America's largest candy manufacturers selling exclusively through self-owned retail stores.

Things were not so plush with Sanders at the beginning. When young Frederick came to Detroit in 1875, he had only a few dollars and



the conviction that he could succeed if he made good candy and sold it reasonably. Soon, however, he was so busy tending store that he didn't have time to cook candy during the day. So he turned the summer kitchen at home into an after-hours factory, cooking his products on a big wood stove.

By 1890, the store had been moved to a bizarre building called the "Pavilion of Sweets" and had become a popular meeting place for the after-theater crowd, leading politicians, and players of the Detroit baseball team.

The Sanders store was one of the first in Detroit to use electricity for power. But after the motor had quit ten times in one week, the confectioner threatened to go back to his old gasoline engine unless the power company sent over someone to fix the contraption once and for all. Promptly, the Detroit Edison Company sent a young electrician who made the motor run and kept it running. His name was Henry Ford!

Sanders has grown with Detroit. Today, the company has more than 2,500 employees in its huge factory and stores. The latter are served daily by trucks that deliver baked goods, ice cream, candy and foods—all made at a central commissary.

The organization is still owned and operated by the Sanders family. Since founder Fred died in

1913, its fortunes have been guided by his son-in-law, John Miller; his son, Edwin; and his grandson, Fred.

Sanders offers a variety of services. The Carry-Out Service provides hot lunches and ice cream for busy executives to eat at their desks. The Party Service handles almost every kind of special request, including the most elaborate wedding cakes. During one football season, it prepared box lunches for 4,500 University of Michigan fans to eat en route to a game with Illinois at Champaign.

In addition, there is a special parcel-post department, which has shipped millions of pounds of Sanders products all over the U.S. and to foreign countries.

Sanders has turned down numerous requests for franchises in other cities, and continues to live by its slogan: "We sell what we make, and we make what we sell."

Last year the company served some 14,000,000 people at fountains and lunch counters, produced nearly 4,500,000 pounds of candy, 4,250,000 pounds of baked goods, 7,575,000 pounds of food for lunches, and 600,000 gallons of ice cream. All of which indicates that the company's policy is a sound one. It also indicates that, to people of faith and initiative, America still is a land of opportunity where a good idea can be built into a big business.

---

### **Worth Remembering**

It's not always easy to apologize, to begin over, to admit error, to take advice, to be unselfish, to keep on trying, to be considerate, to think and then act, to profit by mistakes, to forgive and forget, to shoulder a deserved blame. But it always pays!

—Employment Counselor



# GRETA GARBO

## *Sphinx Without a Secret*

by HELEN WORDEN

Once Hollywood's most glamorous star, today she is a recluse who denies her identity

GRETA GARBO WAS once called the world's greatest movie actress. Thousands of adoring fans trailed her wherever she went. At the height of her career some 15 years ago, 5,000 men, women and children waited six hours on the Stockholm docks to catch a glimpse of her walking down the gangplank. When she finally appeared, the mob surged forward and 100 people were shoved into the water.

Here and abroad, police were called out again and again to protect her. Never in Hollywood history had any star aroused such frenzied interest. There are hundreds of clippings about her in the New York Public Library, including endless raves from critics.

Said Alistair Cooke: "Garbo manages, because she is a supremely

beautiful woman, to make beauty look like a mark of religion." Jack Hitt wrote: "Garbo is poetry, sunrise and great music."

Despite all this acclaim, Greta has been in seclusion for nearly eight years, using another name, dropping her eyes when she meets people, and doing all she can to blot out the person that was the famous Garbo.

Meanwhile, her friends ask: Is Garbo still determined to turn her back on a world without the man she loved, or is she caught in a web of indecision which has been gripping her since the failure, in 1941, of the last film she made, *Two-Faced Woman*?

What evidence is there to support the former theory? Arnold Genthe, famous photographer, told

me in 1942 that Maurice Stiller, the Swedish film director who discovered Garbo, was the only man she ever loved. "After Stiller died, she began shutting people out of her life," he said.

She was 25 when Stiller died in 1930 in Stockholm. All that she wanted so desperately—money, fame, possessions—became meaningless without him.

"After he died I could not sleep, eat or work," she said. "I wanted to go back to Sweden but they said to me, 'You must be faithful to us and your work.' I told them, 'You will have something dead on the screen.'"

However, if she loved Stiller so deeply, how can anyone explain her friendship with Rouben Mamoulian, her director; the romance in Hollywood with the late John Gilbert, her leading man; her deep admiration for Leopold Stokowski, the symphony conductor; or the subsequent rumors of her engagement to Bengamin Gayelord Hauser, the Manhattan diet expert?

The answer may be the one she gave friends who were puzzling over Isadora Duncan's life. Garbo, who had been sitting inarticulate in a corner, suddenly spoke. "Perhaps," she said quietly, "she was forgetting for a little while the pain of being a human being."

More recently, she may have been striving to forget the Garbo of the intervening years. This might explain her actions when I saw her recently in the lobby of the Ritz Tower, her New York City home. She glided mysteriously out of an elevator, her head averted, her eyes downcast. Wisps of ash-blond hair straggled from beneath a spooky

hat. A worn tan raincoat flapped about her thin body. Her black rubbers were scuffed. Her brown bag was battered. She looked as if she didn't have a cent in the world.

Yet, from 1925 to 1941, she was among Hollywood's highest-paid stars and today is rated as one of America's richest women. As she turned into the 57th Street corridor, she collided with a chow dog.

"I'm sorry," she apologized to its owner, then leaned over to pat the dog's head. "What a beautiful animal!"

"I'm glad you like my dog, Miss Garbo," said its owner.

Garbo shrank back into the shadows. "I'm not Miss Garbo, I'm Harriet Brown." The next moment she was gone.

At the 57th Street entrance, a flock of high-school boys and girls waited with open autograph books. Greer Garson was also stopping at the hotel. Garbo drew up her coat collar, yanked down her hat and hurried off in the rain.

"Who's that?" asked a girl.

"That's Greta Garbo," said the doorman.

"Who's Garbo?"

Today, a whole generation is growing up which has neither seen nor heard of this woman whom Cecil Beaton, the noted English photographer, once described as "being as beautiful as the Aurora Borealis." Yet her obscurity today is no less remarkable than that with which she began life.

**G**RETA GARBO WAS BORN ON September 18, 1905, in a Stockholm tenement. Her parents were Sven and Louvisa Gustafsson, and she was named Anna. Her father, a



mechanic, died when she was 14. Poverty drove her to work.

Her first job was mixing lather and washing towels in a barber-shop. Her second was as a milliner's apprentice in a department store, where her big blue eyes, yellow curls and cameo profile won her a job as hat model for illustrations in the store's catalogue.

A Captain Ring, who was making a commercial movie of the shop, noted that Anna Gustaffson photographed well, so he gave her a part. The following year, Ring used her in a propaganda film for the Orient. Then, at 17, she landed her first professional movie role—as a bathing beauty in a comedy called *Peter the Tramp*.

Anna wanted dramatic training but couldn't afford it. Frans Enwall, private theatrical coach, arranged a tryout for a Royal Dramatic Academy scholarship. She won. In 1922 and 1923, she concentrated on voice culture, fencing, dancing and dramatics. During vacation she acted in real plays at the Royal Theater and drew a real salary—\$10 a week.

In 1923 she met Stiller. Later, she described that eventful encounter to a friend: "On a streetcar in

Sweden I saw a man. He was like a mountain—colossal. He looked as though he belonged to some other race of men that did not walk with us. I thought of him often.

"One day he came to the Royal Dramatic School in search of someone to play the part in a book which had taken the Nobel Prize. He was one of the great screen directors of the world. He gave me the woman in *Gösta Berling* to do—without my ever having acted before.

"'Do you understand her?' he asked me. I answered, 'I understand.' And it was well with us from the beginning."

Stiller had brooding gray eyes, black hair touched by gray, and stood over six feet. He was twice Anna's age and Europe's top director. Realizing her potentialities, he changed her name to Greta Garbo and began training her.

In *Gösta Berling*, she was an instantaneous success. At the première in Berlin, they appeared on the stage hand in hand, and from that moment onward romantic rumors surrounded them. It was stated, then denied, that they had been married in Constantinople. Actually no one knew.

Stiller was a better director than businessman. His company failed in Constantinople. He was not rich. Meanwhile, Garbo had become his religion, his life: all his plans pivoted around her. She must go to Hollywood. But without money, how could he accomplish this?

Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, then traveling in Europe, saw the film *Gösta Berling*. He wired Stiller, offering a contract. Stiller accepted on one condition—Greta must go with him. Mayer

vaguely recalled her as an unknown young actress in *Gösta Berling*. After all, who was Garbo?

"The greatest actress in all Europe!" said Stiller.

Mayer agreed to give Garbo a screen test, so Stiller borrowed \$6,500 and sailed with Garbo for America in July, 1925. After weeks of interviews and tests in New York, Garbo signed a \$350-a-week contract with M-G-M and left for Hollywood with Stiller.

He had become her world, she his. But now he impressed upon her the fact that she must learn to stand alone and, deliberately, he began to withdraw from her life. She was given the feminine lead in *The Torrent*. Monta Bell, not Stiller, directed. She agreed to make a second picture, *The Temptress*, if Stiller would direct it. Instead, he took *Hotel Imperial* with Pola Negri.

Shortly after Stiller completed this film, he returned to Sweden without Garbo. Friends believed that, having launched Greta on a great career, he purposely withdrew. She was numb for weeks, speaking to no one, seeing few outside those working with her on *The Temptress*. Then Stiller died in far-off Stockholm.

"In all the world there is no place for me," she mourned to a friend. "Not in Sweden, where my mother is, nor here, where my work is. I look everywhere—everywhere—and I do not understand. I am thinking that perhaps the world is not for people like myself."

Then she remembered Stiller's words: "Your work is all you can be sure of."

Between 1925 and 1941, Garbo starred in 25 films. Her first two

movies—*The Torrent* and *The Temptress*—completely sold her to the public. Then she did a series with John Gilbert—*Flesh and the Devil*, *Love, Woman of Affairs*, *Queen Christina* and *Anna Karenina*.

After *Anna Karenina* she went into a decline, then came up with *Ninotchka*, which proved her real talents as a comedienne. Her best personal performance was given in *Grand Hotel*, but to most observers *Anna Christie*, her first talkie, is still her finest picture. During those years of harvest, her salary was variously estimated at from \$7,500 a week to \$500,000 a year.

As she continued up the ladder, each of her screen lovers was reputed to be genuinely in love with her. Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Montgomery, Conrad Nagel, John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro were among those mentioned.

Her only real screen failure was *Two-Faced Woman*. Strictly speaking it was not a failure, for it played to packed houses; but it was condemned by the Legion of Decency, scored by the *Catholic Review*, and blasted by Cardinal Spellman.

It was her last movie. Little has been heard of her since. What is she like at 43?

The once-familiar disdain has been superseded by a tolerant grandeur. Specifically, this means a balancing of two features—a gentling of the eyes and a hardening of the mouth. When she landed in America, she was 19 and plump. Today she weighs 130 pounds and wears size-12 dresses.

Greta worships the sun. She likes rooms that face the sun, terraces where she can lie nude in the sun,



barefoot walks on Malibu Beach in the sun. She washes her own straight, shoulder-length hair and dries it in the sun.

Under Hauser's influence, she has become a vegetarian. Every day when she is in New York, fresh vegetables and fruits are delivered to her hotel apartment. In the afternoon, she drops in at Kubie's Health Shop on East 57th Street for a swig of carrot juice.

They call her the recluse of Hollywood. But even the most consistent recluse must have go-betweens with the outside world. Garbo has three. Leland Hayward is her professional agent. The second is George Schlee, husband of Valentina, the dressmaker. The third is Frey Brown, an ex-resident of Reno and a friend of Hauser's, who has been variously identified as Garbo's real-estate and business agent.

Frequently she window-shops on Manhattan's Third Avenue with Brown. Her blonde hair blows in the wind and she strides along like a boy as they flit in and out of secondhand stores. New York picture dealers describe her as a pedestrian art connoisseur. She goes from gallery to gallery—questioning, studying trends, and analyzing old and new masters. She owns four Renoirs, one Soutine, a Modigliani and a Rouault.

Her taste in furniture is rococo—her favorite period at the moment

being Louis XV and Italian 18th-century. Pieces in these periods are constantly being shipped from New York to her California home, in care of "Miss Harriet Brown."

In 1943, she bought the Beverly Hills house of singer Gladys Swarthout. As Hollywood homes go it is simple—having neither swimming pool nor tennis court. Within its confines, Garbo seems content with her lonely life. Her only companion for the past six years has been a housekeeper. During the war she let her chauffeur go. She is her own gardener. Her closest friends are Salka Viertel, widow of a German movie director, Constance Collier, Clifton Webb, Ina Claire, Schlee, Hauser and Brown.

While she occasionally goes on a clothes-buying spree at Valentina's, paying as much as \$395 for a plain street dress, she much prefers old corduroys and tweeds. She hates perfume, loves diamonds, adores fancy lingerie and never wears slips.

**G**RETA HAS NEVER been heard to say an unkind word about anyone, and those who have worked with her find her just. Once, she read and liked a script, but when she saw it in rehearsal changed her mind. Instead of letting M-G-M meet the bill, she paid all costs.

Garbo is independent yet prefers to have a man about to make decisions. Always she takes a man along when she shops. When neither Brown, Hauser nor Schlee can accompany her, she invites one of her many acquaintances among the dealers. To them she is Harriet Brown. Yet wherever they go, people exclaim: "There is Garbo!"

The more she shuns publicity,



the more she attracts it. Does she seek seclusion because she wants to live with her memories of Stiller, or because, as some insist, she has been uncertain about her career since criticisms of *Two-Faced Woman*?

Ina Claire subscribes to the latter theory. "Garbo says she wants to return to the movies, but I don't think she does. She is still a great actress, but she does not wish to be connected with another failure."

How does George Schlee explain Garbo? I found him at his wife's luxurious dressmaking establishment on East 67th Street.

"Garbo is not the rosebuds-and-ribbon type," he said. "She is what she is—honest, direct, unassuming, terribly shy and passionately concerned with doing whatever she does to the best of her ability."

"She reminds me of Duse, whom I first saw in St. Petersburg. She had been in retirement 11 years and returned to greater triumphs than ever. This will happen to Garbo."

Greta's last dealings with the press were characteristically unsatisfactory. When she returned from Sweden in 1946, Schlee arranged an interview on the ship's deck. Her face was expressionless and she winced as photographers' flashlights blazed. After answering

a few obvious questions, she edged nervously toward the gangplank.

Her actions recalled a previous interview, when she said: "I hate to be stared at. I know how the animals in the zoo feel when people poke them with little sticks."

Hollywood directors are notoriously afraid of her. Yet when Woody Van Dyke took over a film she was to appear in, he got up courage to call on her to discuss it. He expected to meet an imperious, haughty and difficult woman. To his amazement Garbo greeted him with, "Come on, Turp! Let's have a few takes."

Clarence Brown, the M-G-M director, probably had as much as anybody to do with Greta's success in America. When I asked him how the Garbo of today compared with the Garbo he directed in *Flesh and the Devil*, *Anna Christie* and *Anna Karenina*, he replied: "I see very little change. For me, she could play any age required for the part."

Howard Dietz, dramatist and head publicity man for M-G-M, gave me the final word on Greta Garbo. "A lot of people think her snobbish," he said. "But she isn't. It's only natural reticence. Garbo is no mystery. She makes me think of Oscar Wilde's line, 'A sphinx without a secret.'"

## Night and Day



ONE OF THE scientists working on the atomic project at Oak Ridge, Tenn., was asked what he did to keep himself occupied. "I work all day at the lab," he replied, "and most of the evenings I spend with

the Association of Engineers and Scientists, a society made up of atomic-energy experts."

"And what else?"

"After that," he replied without a smile, "I pray!"

—KUP in Chicago *Sun-Times*



Everything aboard it is planned to make tenement youngsters healthy and happy

by CAROL HUGHES

"TO AFFORD RELIEF to the sick children of the poor of the City of New York, without regard to creed, color or nationality."

This motto is the guiding light for one of the most unusual vessels in the world. Each day throughout the summer, from July to September, a large white ship docks at a Manhattan or a Brooklyn pier, to take aboard an average of 1,000 passengers, composed of the poor, the lame, the sick, the blind, the spastics and the polio cases. Then she sails away in splendor down the Bay. Known as the Floating Hospital, the ship is sponsored by St. John's Guild and offers "these ministrations absolutely free."

The Floating Hospital is exactly what her name implies—a ship with a doctor on board, a comple-

ment of nurses, a dentist, an oral hygienist, along with recreational directors and social-service workers. Every summer for 83 years, this gallant vessel and her sponsors have brought a breath of new life to the mothers and children of New York's tenement streets.

Many shabbily dressed little urchins who have wistfully watched great yachts and mighty liners depart majestically from Manhattan or Brooklyn have found their way to the big white ship which they can call their own. Many mothers in threadbare dresses have also sailed each summer, finding rest from strenuous toil and answers to the ailments of their children.

The loading of the boat is an adventure to watch. Mothers and children start gathering in the early morning. The pier is jammed with youngsters of every age, creed,

color and size. Meanwhile, a fleet of seven busses has been calling at the homes of the sick and crippled, who are brought on board in wheel chairs and on crutches, with the tender aid of ship personnel.

Once aboard, the children are in helpful hands, and mother is free for the day—free from work and grime, and free, too, to gossip with fellow passengers. These are likely to include Puerto Ricans and Negroes from Harlem, women of Italian descent, Jews, Catholics and Protestants—representatives of all the polyglot peoples who make up New York.

There are sandwiches and milk for everyone, cool showers for those who have none in their homes, and clean cots and cribs for those who want to rest and relax. And always there are the fresh breeze and the sun and the tang of the sea.

Meantime, the babies have been turned over to the nursery, where they are supplied with cribs, toys, a nurse and their own formulas. Older boys and girls play supervised games, work with arts and crafts on the top deck, read comic books and watch movies.

Here is a ship full of marvels and adventure—and the safest craft afloat. If Mamma sees Junior slipping past, as elusive as an eel, she never lifts an eyebrow, for she knows that the motto of the ship, "We've never lost one yet," is true. Junior may be on his way to "steer" the ship from the pilothouse, or he may be heading for the movie room where he sits on the floor with hundreds of other kids and laughs at the adventures of Mickey Mouse.

Caring for this bedlam of screaming, laughing children are 65 trained

experts. Many are schoolteachers who find the boat trips more attractive than a summer vacation. Even the crew is skilled with the kids, and never is "Get away from there!" or "Don't touch that!" heard aboard the Floating Hospital.

Many staff members have been serving for ten years or more. Mrs. Catherine Wagner, a matron, was taken on board as a child by her mother. Later, she brought her own daughter each summer. Now that her children are grown up, she enjoys the job of matron because "it is like working at home."

Occasionally, a staff member gets "fed up" and announces: "I'm quitting right now!" It is then that wise and capable Superintendent E. Hoyt Palmer says: "All right, we accept your resignation. But stay home two days first and then come back."

He laughs: "It's like the kids—we haven't lost one yet."

**D**URING EACH DAY'S trip, the doctor and oral hygienist perform miracles with the youngsters. Dentist Jose Recinos treats an average of 15 patients a day, filling teeth, taking care of gums and making recommendations. If the child comes from a home where there is no money to complete the work, the dentist will issue a season pass, which permits the patient to come aboard every day. By the end of summer, the youngster leaves with a sound set of teeth.

The oral hygienist cleans teeth all day, with a line-up of 20 children awaiting turns. The children consider this a part of their day's journey. There are no tantrums.

For the sick there is the doctor,

whose work is mainly examination and consultation with the mother, followed by referrals, since half a dozen hospitals have tie-ins with St. John's Guild.

The ship has one sun deck for wheel-chair cases, and an isolation ward, just in case a contagious disease is discovered aboard. The doctor usually stands at the gangplank, watching his little passengers arrive. If he sees anything suspicious, the child is taken aside and dispatched to the hospital.

The cost of the Floating Hospital's life-giving service is enormous. Faithful St. John's Guild has worn out three ships in its 83-year-old history, and at times the cost of replacement has seemed almost impossible. Each day's trip is a \$3,000 operation. The ship is towed by a tug which costs the Guild about \$14,000 a year. And the bus service runs to an annual \$12,000.

Formerly, the Guild was the medium of charitable work for St. John's Chapel in Varick Street. When the Floating Hospital was inaugurated, the Guild terminated its affiliation with Trinity Parish and became a nonsectarian organization of city-wide scope. All its work is underwritten by donations

from interested people, including notables like Bernard M. Baruch and hundreds of plain John Does.

Richmond Weed, aging and beloved president of the Guild, gravely stated in a recent report that the high cost of living had hit the Floating Hospital. But he added: "To think of giving up our ship! It's a calamity we couldn't endure."

The big white vessel, serene with her heritage of splendid tradition, values the simple letter of little Margie, age nine, as a reward for all past efforts. The girl addressed her letter to the Floating Hospital and said:

"My dear ship, it is so lonesome here. I don't know why my mother and father moved away to Iowa where there are no ships, and all of my friends are gone. Every day I think of the ship and I wish I could be back. I just sit in my wheel chair now and once in a while I see a bird, but that is not like seeing the water and the tugs and talking to Joe and Betty and my dear doctor there.

"I hope the ship will go on forever and, some day, maybe I will get well and come back to see all of my friends. I pray for you every day. Love, Margie."

## Occupational Hazards



A burglar was arrested in Gary, Indiana, although the grocer who shot at him missed. The burglar fainted dead away.

New Orleans constables tried unsuccessfully for weeks to evict a woman from her quarters. Whenever they arrived she took off all her clothes and refused to budge from bed.

—HAROLD HELFER



# JUST FOR FUN

Guest editor of this Quick Quiz is handsome, witty John Reed King. Conductor of the *Give and Take* radio quiz show (CBS, 1:30-2 P.M., EDT, Saturdays), Quizmaster King has selected from his parade of puzzling problems the following mental exercises. Try your luck at solving them. Count 4 for each correct answer. A score of 80 or more is excellent; below 60 is fair; 40 or less is poor. Answers are on page 152.

## 'ROUND THE WORLD

1. Where are the famous streets known as Basin St. and Beale St.?
2. Which is colder, the North Pole or the South Pole?
3. Is Texas larger than Alaska?
4. What state in the U.S. is bounded by eight other states?
5. What is the capital of Texas?
6. What is the name of the highest mountain in the world?
7. In what country is Waterloo, the scene of Napoleon's last defeat, located?
8. What island is known as the Pearl of the Antilles?

## POLITICAL POINTERS

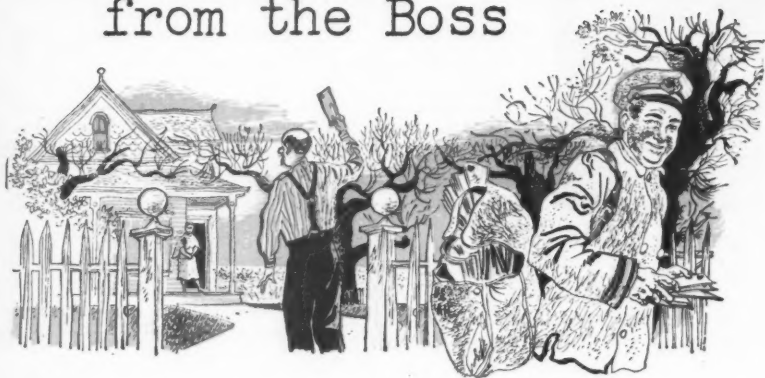
1. What was the 48th state to be admitted to the Union?
2. How often does the President of the United States get paid?
3. How many Justices are there on the Supreme Court?
4. What army did Hannibal lead?

5. What English ruler reigned longest?
6. Who designed the Statue of Liberty?
7. Was Paul Revere's ride nearly 20, 40 or 60 miles long?
8. Were there ever any Russian colonies in the United States?

## SCOUTING THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

1. What is a palfrey?
2. Which of the following is the name of the wool obtained from a llama? (a) Camel hair (b) Alpaca or (c) Angora.
3. Is the turkey a native of the North American continent?
4. A certain cat once ate a giant... what was the cat's name?
5. Where would you be most likely to find a herd of "alpacas"?
6. Which has the most teeth? (a) a dog (b) a cat or (c) a man?
7. What animal makes mud pies?
8. What is a *sorrel* horse?

# PENSIONS from the Boss



U. S. industry pours a billion dollars a year into retirement funds for its workers!

by **THOMAS C. DESMOND**

*(Chairman, New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging)*

**N**O LONGER DOES the postman have to walk all the way to the door of John Nolan's cottage on the first of the month. White-haired and frail, John, a retired tool and die maker, meets him more than halfway.

"Got it?" he inquires.

"Yes," smiles the mailman as he hands over a long envelope.

John's face lights up. "Always on time," he says. "Never failed yet. And it's going on eight years."

He opens the envelope, stares at the pension check for a moment, then runs back to the house, happily waving the check overhead.

"Ma!" he calls to his wife. "The pension's come!"

Today, more than 250,000 men and women who, like John, have reached retirement age, are receiving some \$150,000,000 a year in pension checks from former em-

ployers—usually in addition to money they may get from Uncle Sam in old-age insurance or old-age assistance payments. This retirement program, one of the most remarkable in modern labor relations, has propelled American industry into a new and uncharted field of social accomplishment.

More than 10,500,000 workers, or one in every six, from \$25-a-week janitors to \$250,000-a-year corporation presidents, are piling up pension credits in retirement funds. This means that when they are old enough to retire, they may spend their time fishing or loafing or, more important, can be self-supporting and not exist on community charity or the savings of their children.

Bill Hassedy, now 72, used to climb telephone poles for a living. Today, he is one of 21,000 ex-linesmen, operators, supervisors and executives of the Bell Telephone Systems who receive a monthly check



from the company. To Bill, as to others, it means that he can continue to enjoy the freedom of his own home.

Executives of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York knew Emily Charney as an efficient administrator. She came to the concern as a bright-eyed girl from high school. She rose through the years by diligence until she became assistant to a top executive.

When time came for her to retire, she got more than a going-away party from the "kids" in the office and compliments from her boss. Protected by a retirement fund, she did what she had always wanted to do. She opened a flower shop. Today, she is serene and content amidst a fragrant array of blossoms. Whether the shop blooms or not, Emily has security, if not luxury, on her \$100-a-month pension. She is but one of 4,000 employees of the company who receive \$4,000,000 a year.

"Don't know what I'd do without my pension," says grizzled Arch Lowell. He used to be a conductor on the Erie Railroad. "Guess I'd be just another number on relief rolls." Arch is one of thousands of former railroad men who are pension-protected.

To all these people, retirement systems mean greater security, greater freedom and, not infrequently, better health. But the plans perhaps have even greater significance for the future of competitive enterprise. Here is management, traditionally portrayed as the exploiter of workers, actually initiating and promoting a socially desirable program for a decent old age.

American concerns are pouring

\$1,000,000,000 a year into voluntary pension funds for workers. This is more than the \$800,000,000 annual tax they pay to finance the compulsory Federal old-age and survivors' insurance trust under the Social Security Act. Nor does this billion-dollar-a-year retirement spending include payments to help pay for government old-age assistance checks to the destitute. In about three out of four cases, the concern foots the entire pension cost. In the remainder, the employees help to finance the fund by contributing a small percentage of their salaries.

Shell Oil Company invests \$9,100,000 a year in its retirement pool. When International Paper Company recently set up a pension fund, it wrote out an initial check for \$1,500,000. Marshall Field & Company puts more than \$2,000,000 a year into an employee retirement trust. A recent survey of 200 companies disclosed that, for every 100 men on the pay roll, the firms were sending monthly checks to five retired employees.

But industry knows today that pensions, in addition to providing tax benefits for the company, step up morale, help recruit a higher type of worker, provide for orderly retirement of workers, tend to increase production, and fulfill moral obligations to faithful workers. Business likes pensions because they are a businesslike way of handling older workers efficiently.

The roll call of companies that have organized pension funds sounds like a *Who's Who* of American business. Standard Oil of New Jersey, Aluminum Company of America, General Electric, Philip

Morris, Schenley Distillers, May Department Stores, U. S. Steel, Lockheed Aviation, Hercules Powder, Western Electric, Lever Brothers, Sperry Gyroscope and American Can are among the many concerns that boast of a pension pool.

Before the war, only 750 companies had retirement systems. Then came the Revenue Act of 1942, which decreed stringent profit-control rules. They liberalized tax benefits to firms setting up pension plans, speeded up the plowing back of excess profits into retirement funds, and gave the Treasury Department the right to approve in advance pension programs set up for tax-deduction purposes.

A new group of experts came into being to advise industry on pensions. Insurance companies, experienced in selling annuities, covered the country with agents who sold management on the idea of covering entire plants and industries with retirement funds. Promptly, pensions became popular.

Today, some 10,000 companies have set aside substantial funds on a scientific basis for their employees' old age. Labor-relations experts who predicted that pension plans would be quietly dropped after the war were false prophets. Pension systems are now being expanded outward to include more companies, downward to include more low-income workers, and upward to embrace higher-paid personnel largely neglected by the Social Security Act.

For the worker, pensions are not hard to figure out. They are usually based on a formula like this: take your basic yearly pay, multiply it by the number of years



you will have worked for your company at retirement age, then take one per cent (it may be higher or lower, depending on the company) of that amount and you will arrive at your annual pension figure. Some particularly liberal plans have disability pensions which enable you to retire earlier than your scheduled time if you are injured on the job; others provide pensions for survivors, too.

Ned Baker went to work for Shell Oil when he came back from the Army. After 20 years of service, Ned can retire at 60, and the company will foot the entire pension bill. For example, if his average monthly check during his five final years of work is \$312, his pension for the rest of his life will be approximately \$102 a month. In addition, Ned will receive \$13,500 from an employee savings plan in which the company matches his deposits dollar for dollar.

Even under plans calling for employee contributions to pension pools, the workers can generally count on getting back five times their investment. And while pension checks are usually bread-and-butter payments, averaging about \$50 a month, not counting social-security payments, our American pensions are higher than the wages of half the world's population! And they would be still higher were it not for the fact that they include

payments to many elderly persons who did not accumulate much working time before retirement.

Today, pensions are an ever-expanding bulwark to the American way of life. To the 2,500,000 civil servants who are members of the U. S. Government's pension fund, and 2,000,000 state and local government workers who belong to retirement systems, add 2,000,000 railroad workers and 4,000,000 employees in private industry, ranging from a clerk in W. T. Grant Company to the president of General Foods, and including such diverse personalities as Joe DiMaggio of the Yankees, Clark Gable of Hollywood, and General Eisenhower.

Both unions and employers are now working for expansion of retirement systems. On one side, the United Steel workers are aiming at an industry-wide pension plan,

while the American Newspaper Guild is seeking retirement systems on individual papers. On the other side, for example, is the Michigan Bankers' Association, which is setting up a pension plan for tellers and clerks employed by small banks throughout the state.

Some people may condemn pensions with the epithet "paternalism," while others may sniff suspiciously at tax-credit motives that lead some companies to set up plans. But no one can deny that private industry is helping to carry out a vast social program that is urgently needed to soften the economic blows of old age. Obscured by the publicity surrounding the Social Security Act, industry's own network of pensions has, without fanfare, developed into one of the greatest social-welfare measures in the history of management.



### The Good Old Summertime

THE BROWNS WERE at the seashore and Mrs. Brown was visibly shocked at the girls' bathing suits.

"I've never in my life," she exclaimed, "seen girls so utterly lacking in modesty. Have you, Philip?"

"No," replied Mr. Brown, "and the air's good, too!" —HELEN CONKLIN

THE HANDSOME young doctor, a bachelor from the South, was a guest at a week-end party in Hollywood. He was sunning himself on the edge of a swimming pool when a young actress, a French girl, came blinking up to him and said: "Ah, M'sieu Doctaire. I 'ave somet'ing in my eye and—"

"What do you reckon it could be?" he asked, with professional coolness. "Your other bathing suit?"

—Wall St. Journal



## ***FATE*** **was in his corner**

by **BARNEY NAGLER**

**B**ILLY MCCARNEY is one with the dust now. He slipped away in his 76th year, quietly and unattended, and no church bell tolled his passing. Yet for this old prize-fight manager, at least one belfry should have vibrated—the tower of a church in Calgary, Canada.

More than three decades ago, Billy helped purchase the bell for that cupola. And, of all things, through a prize fight.

It was in May, 1913, on a sunless day of gloom, that McCarney brought his heavyweight hopeful, Luther McCarthy, into a haphazard arena in Calgary for a bout with Arthur Pelkey, an undistinguished party of the second part. McCarthy, a handsome giant of 21 from Wild Horse Canyon in Nebraska, was the favorite to win, and why not? He was a skilled ring fencer and a man who punched with power. Pelkey wasn't accorded the slightest chance against him.

The audience filed into the

arena quickly, for outside the sky was a cloudy curtain, unbroken by the merest suggestion of sun. Inside, the fans huddled together in the loneliness of the old barn. The only light came through skylights in the roof.

McCarthy and Pelkey climbed through the ropes and were greeted by the referee, Ed Smith. Then, suddenly, a little man in clerical garb clambered into the ring. "I want to speak to the crowd," the minister told Smith. "There's plenty of time," Smith replied.

The minister began speaking to the quiet audience. "I know you men are going to help us buy a bell for our church," he said. "Your silver tokens will buy a memento for God's house and it will be a credit to you on the Great Ledger."

The audience stirred. They wanted the fight to begin. But the minister went on.

"Everyone must have credit in this Ledger. For who knows whom the Great Referee will call home at any moment?"

A shower of silver covered the ring floor. Referee Smith helped the minister pick up the coins. Even Billy McCarney retrieved the silver. The minister left the ring with his pockets bulging. And then, in the dismal, poorly lighted barn, the fight began.

McCarthy lashed out with left jabs and found his mark on Pel-

key's face, leaving reddened skin. But this did not deter Pelkey, a squat, bearish man. He rushed in and scored with a right uppercut. McCarthy's head shook and his neck muscles bulged. From his face, went the smile he had carried only moments before. Plainly he was in pain.

Outside the ring, peering through the ropes, McCarney screamed to his fighter: "Keep moving, box—keep moving and stick out your left!"

McCarthy failed to heed the advice. He fumbled his way about the ring, lashed by Pelkey's blows. His face was bloodless, his knees began buckling, and then a left and a right landed on his chin. McCarthy dropped, his body stiffening.

The referee began the count and, as he did, an eerie white glow pierced the skylights. From out of the thick, sunless gloom, a streak of sunlight shone on McCarthy's face.

Smith counted—"2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and out"—and all the while McCarthy's face was bathed in the halolike streak. Then, almost at the instant the referee ended the count, the sunlight disappeared. Once again, the arena was wrapped in gloom.

And as they dragged the stricken fighter back to his corner, Billy McCarney's ashen face told the story. Luther McCarthy was dead.



## Philanthropist of Joy

Daddy Glancy was poor in worldly goods but rich in the things that count most: the love and respect of all who knew him

THE HAPPIEST AND most successful man I ever knew was also one of the poorest. A ship fitter by trade, he was a master craftsman at any work that required tools. He lived next door to us for years, an elderly, shy bachelor, and was generally considered the best housekeeper in the neighborhood.

His name was Phillip Glancy. He was a big, kindly, bearlike man with vivid blue eyes and a firm but humorous mouth. Little was known about his background except that

by JAMES WALLACE, JR.

he had once been a college professor. But his present conduct was so elegantly pure that his past did not matter.

Mr. Glancy was a polite, methodical man, and lent to the commonplaces of simple living a sort of classic dignity. No one could doubt this after a glimpse into the neat, precise arrangement of the furnishings in his home. This always seemed odd to me, because every night he held open house for the neighborhood children, often with us sitting three deep around the walls of his spacious living room.

He had the first radio in the neighborhood and, before that, the largest collection of phonograph records. He was also an accomplished pianist, could make an accordion literally talk, and played the guitar with a magic touch when the mood was on him. There was an almost-breathless silence as the neighbors, sitting on their doorsteps, listened in reverence when his clear, bell-like voice sang *That Old Irish Mother of Mine*.

On still summer nights, we could hear loud hand clapping down in the next block when a song was finished. And not infrequently, we would come out of the musical trance to find dozens of cars parked outfront, their occupants spellbound by the magic of his songs.

Mr. Glancy's frugal personal needs required but a small fraction of his earnings. Yet he never saved anything for the proverbial rainy day. Still, he didn't waste his sub-



stance, for he used his surplus money to aid someone in need. It all came back to him, in one way or another, as anonymously as it had been given; and just as rapidly went out to help somebody else.

He called it "Trading in joy" or "Another installment on God's debt." But his favorite phrase was, "The only thing I have is what I give away."

This middle-aged, soft-spoken son of the Emerald Isle brought into sharp focus the ostentatious givers who give not for the joy of sharing with others or to help someone in need, but rather with the selfish intention of enhancing their prestige. A new pair of shoes, a dress, a toy or a book for a child did Mr. Glancy more good than an impressive row of figures in a bankbook.

"Consider the wild creatures of the fields," he would say. "They neither reap nor sow. But the Good Father provides for their well-being. Who am I to consider myself better than these harmless creatures?"

His was a philosophy of sharing good fortune with others—a Christian spendthrift of the heart who amounted, in a small way, to a perpetual Santa Claus for the small fry of that Alexandria, Virginia, neighborhood. To a few families, Mr. Glancy was a father by proxy. Spiritually and intellectually, he was a father to us all.

Half the children called this symbol of neighborly graciousness Daddy Glancy. Most of them would raise the roof on Sunday morning if their mothers didn't have them scrubbed and ready when Mr. Glancy called to take them to church. It was not uncommon to see him herding 30 or 40 youngsters

along, perhaps carrying two of the smallest toddlers; and constantly giving orders to his "Big Sergeants" to watch out for the other walkers.

I can still see his genial wink of "Thanks" to a formidable array of motorists at street crossings, who were compelled to wait for the happy little horde to pass. And by some peculiar quirk of memory, the solemn, tolerant expression on those people's faces is still vivid across the bridge of years since childhood.

This Sunday-morning parade of small fry, with bright eyes and scrubbed faces and combed hair, was a spectacle of childish joy to watch. There was no segregation of races, colors or creeds in that vivid swarm of youngsters. It was, instead, a living, palpable maelstrom of Democracy, prancing gaily along their road of happiness toward bright, cheerful tomorrows.

Mr. Glancy brushed aside remarks about his neighborly kindnesses with charming evasion. He had trusted friends who performed the chores of his secret charities for deserving cases. But you can't hide good deeds from curious if well-meaning friends. When a neighbor hinted that such indiscriminate largesse to a woman he didn't know might lead to trouble, Mr. Glancy replied pointedly:

"Well, now, you could be right. But when it comes down to brass tacks, I don't know anything 'bad' about you, do I? You might be an angel in disguise, my dear, the same as this lady you refer to. That's why I dare not chance offending one of God's chosen ones."

Big, hearty, kindly, his blue eyes flashing, his bald head tanned to a golden brown, his booming voice a

megaphone of joy—Mr. Glancy was a man whose soul, heart and mind were dedicated to helping others. Such words as deception, hate, avarice, vanity and stinginess did not exist in the world he lived in. Even his simplicity was a religion; his every act and word a salve for somebody's wound.

The way he would pat a youngster's head and say, "Well, how's me lad today?" made you tremble with anxiety lest some small error you had committed would be contrary to his ethics of conduct. And

the way he would smile and chide you, after you had confessed, was a joy to experience.

Mr. Glancy was a living prescription for happiness. He was adored by men, loved by women and children, and held in high esteem by God. Upon his death, he left a noble etching in his friends' minds, which, as he often said, "is the greatest monument any man should ever want for the privilege of living as God, in His infinite wisdom, hoped all men should live—to help his fellow man."

## Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

### *Do You Know These Skylines?*

(Quiz on page 57)

1. Brandenburg Gate, Berlin; 2. Eiffel Tower, Paris; 3. Kremlin, Moscow; 4. Capitol, Washington, D.C.; 5. Statue of Christ, Rio de Janeiro; 6. Independence Hall, Philadelphia; 7. Empire State Building, New York City; 8. Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco; 9. Rialto, Venice; 10. Leaning Tower, Pisa; 11. Tower Bridge, London; 12. Sphinx, Giza; 13. Colosseum, Rome; 14. Taj Mahal, Agra; 15. Parthenon, Athens.

### *Just for Fun*

(Quiz on page 143)

'Round the World: 1. Basin St. is in New Orleans; Beale St. is in Memphis; 2. The South Pole, which is near the coldest spot on earth, the Magellanic; 3. No. Alaska is more than twice as large as Texas; 4. Tennessee; 5. Austin; 6. Mt. Everest, in the Himalayas; 7. Belgium; 8. Cuba.

Political Pointers: 1. Arizona; 2. Once a month; 3. Nine; 4. Carthaginian; 5. Queen Victoria, who ruled England for almost 64 years; 6. Bartholdi; 7. 20 miles long; 8. Yes. Russia maintained a colony on the California coast until 1841.

Scouting the Animal Kingdom: 1. A saddle horse; 2. Alpaca; 3. Yes; 4. Puss-in-Boots; 5. Peru; 6. A dog, he has 42; 7. Beaver; 8. A horse of reddish or yellowish brown color.

# Where CATS Are Kings



No human trespasser dares set foot on an island paradise ruled by savage felines

by LUCILLE BECKHART

DOWN IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC near Tahiti is an island paradise you may have for the asking. Soft waves lap against its coral shores and tall palm trees bow a graceful welcome in the tropical breeze. There is fresh water in deep springs and lush fruit hangs from leafy tropical trees.

But before you hasten to apply for ownership of Cat Island, heed this warning: a military invasion would be required to drive out its inhabitants. For Cat Island belongs to cats—hundreds of mean, lean, ferocious felines that have so far proved more than a match for any human foe.

This strange Pacific kingdom dates back a hundred years to a

day when rats, escaping a ship wrecked on the reefs, swam to the island. At first, natives ignored the uninvited guests, so the rats multiplied rapidly.

Soon they literally challenged the human population to battle; and although the natives tried various extermination methods, the rats won. Forlornly the vanquished residents packed up and left.

French colonial officials in Tahiti sent several expeditions to clean out the rat nests honeycombing the island, but neither poison nor traps nor smoke were effective. In desperation, the authorities finally offered the island—as a gift—to anyone who could defeat the rodent enemy.

An enterprising Frenchman visiting in Tahiti made a study of the

problem and came up with a practical solution—cats. Promptly he rounded up 500 alley felines, loaded them on a ship and set off for the little island. He turned the animals loose on the beach, then calmly sailed back to Tahiti and sat down to await developments.

Some weeks later, when the Frenchman returned to inspect his promised island, the cats were sleek and fat and happy; the rats, those that still remained, were in hiding. The pleased officials in Tahiti kept their promise and deeded the island to its deliverer.

Now sole owner of a South Sea paradise, the Frenchman started a copra plantation and poultry farm. For a while all went well: the cats worked hard, and business prospered. But while the rats disappeared, the cat population kept growing. Soon, the hungry felines began to attack poultry.

The distraught Frenchman tried all the tricks that had been formerly used to rout the rats, but nothing worked against the new usurpers. In desperation, the disillusioned owner packed his bags and said good-bye to Cat Island.

The kingdom of cats now started to thrive in earnest. Soon the feline population became fierce and wild, living in burrows and eating crabs and fish. Even giant sea turtles coming ashore fell prey to the vicious creatures.

Today, the South Pacific natives fear Cat Island, for any human trespasser would be ripped to bits by claws and teeth. Occasionally, sight-seers row their boats close to Cat Island. But they turn and bend their oars quickly when they see the mass of snarling, spitting cats crouched at the water's edge, ready and able to defend their savage domain.

## Words in Bloom

Every Child, when he is healthy and happy, looks as if he had just swallowed a twinkle.

—MRS. H. L. INGLE in *Farm Journal*

The sky is poor tonight—the moon is down to its last quarter.

—*The Fred Allen Show, N.B.C.*

As I stepped out on the porch, the golden syrup of sunset poured over our landscape.

—E. ELIZABETH WHITNEY in *Farm Journal*

Her cake first arched its back in defiance of the oven, but then, defeated, it slumped into a valley of despair.

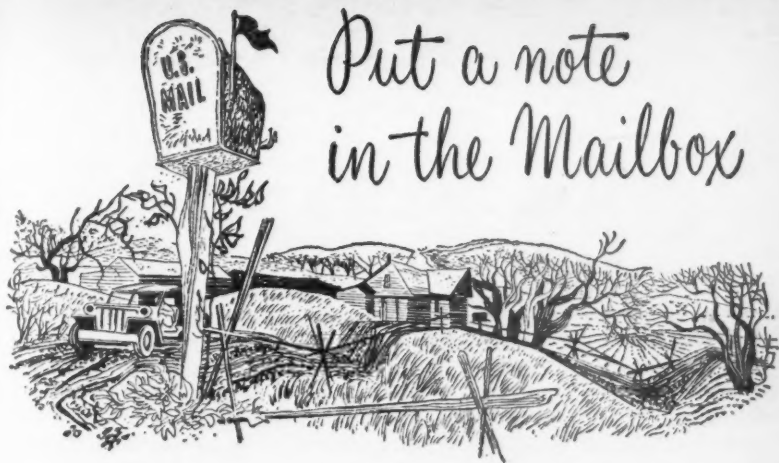
—MRS. VERNON WOLLER in *Farm Journal*

The setting sun moved faster and faster—as if it had suddenly remembered an appointment in China.

—ALBERT KELLEY in *Farm Journal*

The wind made a noise of shifting gears, and the storm roared into high.

—W. F. CARTER in *Farm Journal*



## Put a note in the Mailbox

The rural carrier on his route does lots of things "beyond the call of duty"

by JOSH M. DRAKE, JR.

"MR. MAIL CARRIER," the note read, "Please drive to the house and give my car a push. The battery is down and I must drive to town. I have an appointment with the dentist this morning and my husband is in the field across the river with the tractor. I hate to bother you like this, but I don't know of any other way to get this old car started. Please honk when you get to the house."

I turned off my rural mail route and drove a quarter of a mile down the lane to the farmhouse and honked. The farmer's wife rushed out and got into her car. I eased up in low gear as the bumpers met. After about 50 yards and a dozen hard bumps, her car roared away. She waved her thanks while I stepped on the gas, trying to get back on schedule.

I seldom drive my 62-mile rural route without finding at least one note in the 300 mailboxes I serve. A man can't drive the same route and serve the same people year after year without growing to like them. And so he finds himself doing little favors that the Post Office Department doesn't require him to do—and would rather he didn't do.

Often I have left C.O.D. packages when the farmer's wife didn't happen to have the money to pay for them. Why shouldn't I, when I knew the patron was trustworthy and would meet me next day with the money? Thousands of mail carriers do things like that, knowing that if a Postal Inspector found out he would deliver a stern lecture. However, I don't believe many men who carry the mail obey regulations to the letter.

There isn't a patron on my route who hasn't helped me in one way

or another. I have to carry the mail in all kinds of weather, six days a week, on roads that are at times almost impassable. Dozens of farmers have left warm firesides in zero weather to crank their tractors and pull my jeep out of a ditch or snow-drift. Many of them have driven me to town, so I could buy a fan belt or some other needed part for my vehicle.

Being an arm amputee of World War II, I find it difficult to change a tire. I have many flats, but before I can jack up my jeep, some helpful person comes along and takes over. Farm people are like that—they help their neighbors without thought of pay. And, on the other hand, if they need a favor, they think nothing of asking.

Last summer, an old Army friend came out for a visit. After riding the route with me, he remarked, "I can see you like this job. But it's hard to imagine a decorated infantry officer delivering mail to a bunch of yokels. You'll be driving this same route for years, talking to the same dull people and looking at the same dull scenery. I don't envy you!"

I told him that rural people are far from dull. On the contrary, they are the most interesting group of people that I have ever known. On my route are a score of men and women who gave up teaching to become farmers and farmers' wives. Most of them claim that they can make more money and have more independence.

Also on my route are a song composer, a published poet and two fiction writers. Another man owns oil wells in Texas and could afford a fine home in any city. But he prefers a farm cottage and puttering

around his garden to big-city life.

No, my job is far from dull. Who wouldn't chuckle to see some of the things I see every day? Recently I reached in a mailbox and found a letter from a teen-age boy to his teen-age sweetheart. There was a note addressed to me on the back of the envelope:

"Hurry, postman, do your duty. Rush this to an Oklahoma cutie."

Farm folk have a type of humor all their own. One day, when I stopped at a mailbox close to a cotton gin, a well-dressed stranger in a big car called to three high-school boys standing near-by.

"Hey, young man," he said to one of them in the voice of a big executive, "how far is it to Oklahoma City?"

The youth sauntered up to the car with his hands in pockets and a hayseed accent. "Wall, now, I don't exactly know. Ain't never been there."

"What?" gasped the stranger. "Well, then, how far is it to the next town?"

"I don't know," the boy answered, "but it takes 'round four hours to walk it. You ought to drive it in no time at all in that car. It sho' is a honey."

As the boys walked away, the man shook his head sadly at me and said, "I thought we had laws in this country compelling young people to attend school."

That young man was one of the leading 4-H Club boys in the state. Before his 18th birthday, he had won several thousand dollars in prize money at fairs and stock shows throughout the state. He had driven to Oklahoma City dozens of times, and had twice won trips to



livestock shows held in Chicago.

He would never have been rude if the stranger had not violated the rural code. He had addressed the boys as his inferiors.

On summer days, the air is so hot that I feel as though I have been eating sand. That is when I am pleased to find a note in a mailbox, "If you have time, drive by the house and I'll give you a dish of homemade ice cream."

Others read like this: "How about some lemonade? There is a pitcherful at the house, if you have time to stop."

I seldom buy fresh fruit and vegetables in season. Almost daily I find tomatoes, peas, turnips, okra, peaches, apples or other produce in mailboxes. Sometimes there is also a note like this: "They are going to waste here. Thought you would like some."

The note most frequently found in a mailbox goes something like this: "If we should get a package today, will you please put it in the house? We will be gone most of the day and are afraid the dog will

tear it up or it will rain before we return. Thanks."

I have put packages too big for mailboxes in the homes of nearly all the 300 box holders on my route. Few people who live off the main highways lock their houses. They all seem to trust their neighbors and the mail carriers.

A rural postman who does only what the Postal Regulations require of him must lead a dull life. If he is the type who carries mail by the book, the farmers soon learn and are careful not to bother him with little requests.

It's up to the carrier himself: he can be a public servant quoting regulations, and draw his salary. Or he can throw the book away and have but one rule, the Golden One, and enjoy life while he earns his daily living.

If some lady were to leave a note in her mailbox, asking me to tend to her baby and cook her husband's dinner while she attended a club meeting, I probably would do it. Postal Regulations don't positively state I can't.

## Looking Ahead



A QUAKER PIONEER, walking from his clearing to the meeting house, had his trusty flintlock ready. A nonbeliever accosted him, saying, "Brother Nathan, is it not your belief that what is destined to be, will be?"

"Yes."

"Then if all the Indians in the province attacked the meeting

house and your time had not come, you would not be harmed?"

"No," answered the Quaker.

"But if your time had come, then no matter what you did, it would do no good?"

"That is right."

"Then why do you carry your gun to the meeting?"

Gravely the Quaker replied, "On my way to or from the meeting I might see an Indian whose time had come."

—Swing

# Eight Ways to Make Money on the Side

by RAY GILES

Here are some practical suggestions for turning your special skills into cash

**L**AST YEAR, WHEN a reporter discovered an assistant teller in a New Jersey bank working nights as a counterman in a restaurant, the story made front-page news. Because his salary was too small to meet the high cost of living, the teller had found a second job.

Although the contrast between banking and serving sandwiches made news, surveys show that Americans in increasing numbers are supplementing their pay checks with afterhours work. In fact, with shorter work weeks, almost anyone can expand his income through spare-time labor. Here are eight practical ways in which you may increase your earnings by at least ten per cent.

1. *Selling Your Job-Skill.* All about you, professional men and small businesses require part-time assistance. A realtor needs someone to take incoming phone calls on Thursday afternoons, or a beginning manufacturer is looking for a skilled mechanic one night a week.

Hal H. needed \$1,100 worth of painting and papering in his home,

but his salary as a junior accountant made it difficult. When the painter complained about errors in his books, Hal had a bright idea. Putting in two nights a week on the contractor's records, he earned twice as much an hour as on his own job. Now, part-time accounting for a druggist and a hardware store is paying for a new family car.

Typing, filing, stenography, window and store display, advertising, and lettering show cards are skills often required by small employers. Professional ability in engineering, drafting and modelmaking are also wanted on a part-time basis.

2. *Arts and Crafts.* In a world packed with mass-production goods, markets await handmade specialties with a touch of originality. Unusual dolls, rugs, weather vanes, house markers and small furniture are familiar examples.

Two years ago, a statistician learned to weave tweed, just for the fun of it. Now a custom tailor buys all he can loom at fancy prices.

If you can mend valuable china, reputty windows, restore old furni-

ture  
agai  
you  
H  
par  
mak  
ma  
bron  
artis  
3.  
skill  
ford  
frien  
wou  
mad  
ever  
her  
the  
she  
In  
shir  
garn  
ing  
othe  
men  
are  
a ha  
W  
wor  
time  
and  
diets  
delic  
Or  
beco  
ding  
Fo  
"gre  
shru  
Larr  
his f  
bega  
for  
mail  
4.  
"cha  
has

ture or get balky gadgets running again, added income may lie in your capable hands.

Home workshops also attract part-time work. One hobbyist makes handles for a small knife manufacturer, another turns out bronze parts for a lamp plant, an artist paints dolls' faces.

3. *Domestic Skills.* Linda J., a skillful needleworker, couldn't afford a cleaning woman. Then a friend pointed out that neighbors would gladly pay for slip covers made by this young woman. Now, every Thursday, Linda sews while her house is given a cleaning. At the end of the day she has a nice profit.

Initialing linen, shirts and similar garments is the paying avocation of other women; so is mending for bachelors. And if you are good at tailoring, you can give a hand to the hard-to-fit.

Working with physicians, one woman enjoys a profitable part-time business in foods for diabetics and other patients on prescribed diets. Regional dishes and unusual delicacies may have a ready sale. Or you may spread yourself and become a part-time caterer for weddings and parties.

For added income, men with "green thumbs" enrich soil, replant shrubbery and restore lawns. When Larry P., a policeman, looked at his four sons and the food bills, he began to paint and paper at night for neighbors. And a Midwestern mail carrier is janitor for a church.

4. *Teaching.* Emily W. took a "charm course" 18 years ago and has rigorously kept her girlish fig-

ure. Once a week, 15 matrons twist, bend and roll on her living-room floor—at 75 cents a head.

When a French-born traffic manager advertised a class in conversational French, he got 23 pupils for one night a week. In the cities, night classes in foremanship, shop practice, draftsmanship and vocational skills are being taught by men who follow these employments by day. Coaching basketball teams, bands, choirs and amateur theatrical troupes can bring pleasure as well as added income.

5. *Money from Pets.* So many calls came to a Long Island cat club for "sitters" that a list was compiled of reliable people with whom one could leave a cat for an evening or a week end. In the same

way, training, washing and boarding dogs can produce profit. Some people make special doghouses, leashes and collars, canine playthings and special foods.

A Chicago bond salesman, fond of birds, learned that many like to admire themselves in mirrors, so his birdhouses with tiny looking glasses at the door became a national business.

6. *Unusual Hobbies.* An engineer makes such fine briar pipes that a Fifth Avenue shop takes all he can bring in. Another engineer's fishing flies are featured in a sporting-goods store. A Massachusetts professor talks—for fees—about inscriptions he collects in old graveyards. A law clerk, who never lost his zest for printer's ink, publishes a magazine for a women's club.

A Tennessee man gathers rare



roots and herbs for a drug house. Modelmakers are finding a growing market for tiny copies of ancient automobiles. Other craftsmen cater to collectors by building cabinets for guns or daggers, or by binding special albums for autographs.

7. *Miscellaneous Part-Time Services.* A salesman living next to a run-down cemetery keeps graves green and trim for annual retainers paid by well-to-do descendants. Other men find employment one or two nights a week in neighborhood movie theaters as assistant managers.

Some housewives find it pleasantly exciting to play saleslady in small stores an afternoon a week, while Saks Fifth Avenue hires women all year round for the noon and afternoon relief hours, when regular employees are away from their posts. Interviewing people for surveys, chauffeuring for elderly people, being part-time librarian or acting as hostess in an historic shrine or mansion are other afterhours occupations. Some people find occasional jobs in hotels, hospitals and other institutions where the regular staff is inadequate for 24-hour service.

8. *Husband-and-Wife Enterprises.* A childless couple who wanted to bring youngsters into their lives are

relief headquarters for parents who dread the roughhousing which frequently punctuates juvenile parties. As caterer to children, the woman knows which dishes delight boys and girls. After the feast is over, man and wife conduct sure-fire games chosen to avoid violence. Then the husband takes the youngsters home in his station wagon.

Another thriving husband-and-wife business comprises a man who makes replicas of family heirlooms—chairs, highboys, beds—while his wife relieves him of business details. Another couple has a toy hospital, where the man's skill with wood and metal is supplemented by his wife's skill at sewing and painting.

More profitable still is the hobby of a Connecticut sales executive and his wife, who remodel and modernize old houses, reselling the houses at a handsome profit.

If you want to make money on the side, the secret of cashing in on your talents is imagination. Review your own professional skills and explore your untapped resources. Next, discover who needs the products of your ability. Then get to work. The results will be as gratifying to your pocketbook as they are satisfying to your ego.

## The Not-So-Open Road

A YOUNG COUPLE WERE driving through the countryside at high speed. Suddenly, he turned to her and said: "Isn't it great—speeding like this for mile after mile? Doesn't it make you glad that you're alive?"

"Glad?" she gasped. "I'm amazed!" —J. P. DANALIS in *Junior Scholastic*

A WOMAN MOTORIST was driving along a country road when she noticed a couple of repair men climbing a telephone pole.

"Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

—*The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest*, by H. V. PROCHNOW; Copyright, 1942, by HARPER & BROS.



# They Have to Live by Their Wits

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

In times of crisis, wild animals often outwit man and other animals with their amazing assortment of lifesaving tricks

IN THE WIDE and mysterious realm of nature, my lifelong attempts at firsthand observation have led me to believe, especially with the higher orders of creation in the bird and animal world, that in times of crisis or emergency, strategic thought usually precedes action.

It might be supposed that wild creatures, suddenly startled, would just make an incontinent break for it, depending on speed to escape danger. But just the reverse is usually true. They resort to the unexpected. They know all about the wisdom of indirection, all about the finesse of evasive tactics.

One winter morning, I was driving a buggy along a sandy plantation road when I came upon a party of deer hunters. Along the edge of the road was an ancient

wire fence, of which nothing remained except the posts and a single rusty strand, about three feet above the ground.

I was not far from one hunter, standing rigidly by one of the posts. Soon I heard the chiming hounds coming; then, a long way ahead of them, a beautiful ten-point buck came stealing out. He was maneuvering; and at such a time a deer tries not to make a display of himself. He shields himself by bushes, then comes skulking on with sinuous grace.

The hunter saw the stag; and

---

Archibald Rutledge, one of America's oldest and best-known nature writers, is the author of 25 books of poetry, fiction and nature lore. He knows and loves the fields, woods and animals of his native South Carolina, and writes of them with feeling and affection. Among his honors is the distinction of being South Carolina's poet laureate, a title conferred on Rutledge by action of the legislature.

taking for granted that the animal would jump the wire within easy range on his left, he leveled his shotgun above the wire.

On came the wily old wildwood strategist. Just when he should have been in the air over the wire, the hunter shot both barrels. The stag dived under the wire, straightened up with incredible speed, and in a flash was gone. He had simply out-guessed the man with the gun; and as I love a live thing better than a dead one, I rejoiced to see this crafty buck's escape.

In attempting artfully to avoid the obvious, the children of nature have an instinctive and admirable sense of timing. That is, if they feel they really have to make a break for it, they often exercise marvelous restraint so that their flight will not be ill-timed.

I remember, for example, this experience I had a few years ago with a wise old ruffed grouse. While walking down a trail in the Pennsylvania mountains one beautiful October day, when the tawny gold of the yet-unfallen leaves hung gorgeous all about me, I came to one spot where a big dogwood tree, heavily laden with scarlet berries, overhung the pathway.

I had to stoop to get under one low-slung branch. I had straightened up again and was walking away when a slight noise made me turn and look back. I just had time to see a cock grouse take off from the very limb under which I had just stooped! And his flight took him the way I had come.

Of course, he had detected my

approach. As I had drawn near, the obvious thing for him to do was to fly away in front of me. He did fly; but not when most hunters would have expected him to fly. He first let me stoop directly under him, so close that I might have reached out and touched him. But with a remarkable restraint that had about it not only a wary but a positively uncanny intelligence, he delayed action until I had passed and my back was turned.

One winter afternoon, I was paddling a canoe up the marsh-bordered edge of the big river that flows past my home. As we are

only six miles from the ocean, we have fresh tidewater; and the tide at this time was brimming high, so that all the estuaries of the marsh were flooded.

While paddling by one of these estuaries, I came suddenly on an old mallard drake, sitting high in the water, not more than 15 feet from my canoe.

On account of the high water, the marsh, even if the drake had been able to escape into it, would have afforded him very sketchy shelter, at best. Therefore, I naturally expected him to take wing with loud quacks of alarm. But he did nothing so crude.

Swiftly treading water, he sank practically out of sight, so that little more than the tip of his bill protruded from the quiet water. With not more than a second or two to make up his mind, he had resorted to strategic concealment rather than to wild flight.





Among the curiously inveterate natural enemies in nature are the fox and the hound; and the sagacity of the former in eluding the latter illustrates the principle of avoiding the obvious. The fox will often escape a pursuing hound by resorting to some cunning and unmanifest piece of trickery.

Once I was sitting on a stump in the Carolina woods when I heard a lone hound bearing my way. A little stream was beside me, and across this an old pine had fallen, making a natural bridge. After watching for a few minutes, I saw a fluffy gray tail bobbing, and a fox came to the farther end of the fallen log. The hound, coming strong, was only about 200 yards behind his quarry. The fox stole out on the log, then paused to consider the situation.

From the log to the water was about six feet. In the middle of the stream, just below the log, was a tiny grassy islet. To my surprise, the fox leaped lithely down to this island, and as quickly sprang back to the side of the bank from which he had come—that is, he never crossed the stream at all, which was the obvious thing for him to do. He followed the edge of the watercourse out of sight.

When the hound came up, he went clear across the log; then, losing the trail, began to cast about in frantic circles. Finally he saw me; and as I was a stranger, he might have thought that it was *my* fox. At any rate he abandoned the chase, completely outwitted by a

mind more sagacious and resourceful than his.

A backwoodsman living near me relates that one afternoon he was driving a drove of hogs out of the forest and into his barnyard. At some distance he heard a hound running, coming in his direction. After a few minutes, a white-tailed buck appeared, evidently tired from a long race. He did not see the man; but spying the hogs running along a path, he suddenly changed his course and fell in behind them. He followed them for several hundred yards towards the barnyard; then, when he saw the build-

ings ahead, he leaped off to one side and was lost in the woods. The hound, meanwhile, had come up; but finding the trail hopelessly confused by the scent of the hogs, abandoned the chase of the wily deer and turned disconsolately toward home.

NOT ONLY DO WILD creatures supply life insurance for themselves by the craft of remaining hidden, in the belief that they will be passed by, but they have one method of concealment that has rarely been commented upon: their ability to remain motionless for long periods of time, even though in plain sight.

One day while sitting in the woods, I saw something suspicious in a thin thicket of sweet bays, not more than 50 yards away. It looked like a rack of deer horns; and because of their position I knew that if they were really antlers, the deer must be standing, and probably



watching me. But since, at a distance, a dead branch can very much resemble deer horns, I could not be certain.

However, I kept watching; and for not less than 20 minutes the supposed antlers never gave a sign of movement. At last, to satisfy my curiosity, I stepped forward, and a noble stag bounded from his shelter. He had, as our local woodsman says, "outquieted me."

The wild-turkey mother, solicitous for her precious brood, will, during long periods of time, while her babies are feeding all around her, stand tall and motionless, in this simple way practically obliterating herself. What any eye detects most readily in the woods, of course, is movement; and since to remain undetected often means to be safe, these wild children of nature have sufficient strength of character to remain mute and still, while, under similar circumstances, many a man would be hopelessly restless; or, at the first sign of danger, would make a great display of himself by rushing off wildly.

As we know, some of the world's most decisive battles have been won chiefly because one commander had the foresight to choose his position. It has always seemed to me that animals know this principle. If they are drawn into a fight, they try in every way to reach a place of vantage.

Pursued by dogs, a raccoon, if he has no chance to climb a tree, will run for water; and if he can get on a log or a low stump in the

water, he can fight off several dogs. A wounded buck fights in the water. A wildcat gets his back against a tree or stump so that he cannot be attacked from the rear.

While you may say that such advantageous positions are the obvious ones to take, I am not sure. I do know, however, that it takes some thought to select them.

I once saw a raccoon, hard pressed by hounds, with no water near and no trees to climb, ignore

a lot of ordinary big logs, abandoned by timber cutters, and finally mount a small tree, the top of which had been sent to the ground

by one of the big fallen timbers. The stem of the tree arched like a rainbow. The raccoon climbed swiftly to the top of the arch, and there sat down sedately, like the philosopher he is.

The dogs did a lot of clamoring under him, but they could not climb that slender arch; and I think the raccoon knew they could not climb it before he ever selected that place as his refuge.

Once I saw a pack of beagles pursuing a cottontail rabbit. Suddenly, as the bunny reached the vicinity of a tree that a storm had blown almost down, the pack hushed. They milled around wildly for a time, but the trail was lost. They gave it up.

Investigating this mystery, I thought I would at least find a hole into which the rabbit had dived. But there was no such opening in the tree. As I was walking away, as baffled as the hounds had been, I



happened to glance back. There, crouched against a limb of the slanting tree, at least 12 feet from the ground, was the resourceful little fugitive. He had simply dashed up the incline.

The fact that rabbits are not supposed to climb trees did not trouble him at all. He had not read the book that says they do not.

Long ago, in my boyhood days, standing in a wild forest with a matchless Negro woodsman, we heard the wild clamor of a deer hunt coming toward us. Drivers were shouting and hounds were yowling. Suddenly, out of the shadowy darkness of a copse of myrtles and pines, a noble buck

stole forth, and then stood still, his regal head high.

Although the hunt was close behind, he took his time. He did not seem to be nervous or anxious. I could not understand why he stood there so long with all that tumult close behind—a tumult that he knew well enough had sinister designs on his life.

"Why in the world does he keep standing there?" I asked my wise companion.

"He is readin' his book," the woodsman answered.

And that is exactly what the wild children of nature are forever doing — reading their book of strategy and tactics.

## Marital Maze



A WORRIED-LOOKING MAN dropped into a florist shop and asked for three potted geraniums.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the florist. "We're out of geraniums just now, but we have some nice potted chrysanthemums."

"No, they won't do," said the man. "I promised the wife I'd water her geraniums while she was away."

—Cape Argus

A NEIGHBOR WENT OVER to a young newlywed's house and found her almost in tears. "Why, what's wrong, Marge?" she asked.

"I made a cake and put it in the refrigerator and there isn't any frosting on it yet."

—Times-Picayune

HERE'S A TOAST to my wife: that she may not only live to celebrate many more days of happiness but that she may live to be a hundred years old; and that I, too, may live to be a hundred—less one day, because I would not want to awaken on that day and find she had gone away.

—LEE MEADOWS in *The Sherman County Herald*

IN A NEW YORK CITY courtroom, a tall, badly bruised man and his wisp of a wife stood before the Judge's bench.

The august man of the law focused his shrewd eyes on the woman, but before he could utter his routine questions she said quickly, "Please, your Honor, don't ask a lot of questions. Just try to understand. We live in a one-room apartment and have different tastes in radio programs!"

—Swing Magazine

# PHOTO- FINISH FAMILY

by MARTIN ABRAMSON

Whenever something's happening on Long Island, the flash-bulb Platnicks are on hand with their trusty news cameras

ON A SUN-SPLASHED afternoon three years ago, Harriet Platnick was driving along a Long Island highway when her police radio suddenly came to life.

"Small building crumbling on Fulton Street, Hempstead," the announcer barked. "Car 87 stand by. No casualties."

"Hm-m, small building, no casualties," mused Harriet, whose business is news photography. "Not very exciting."

A few minutes later, however, the radio was crackling again. "Emergency call. Rush ambulance to building site," it boomed. "One man critically hurt."

The sedan swung around sharply. Harriet now had work to do.



The usual crowd was gathered at the accident scene. Harriet elbowed her way through the mob, set up her camera, looked more closely at the prostrate form. Then she screamed and collapsed (after first taking the picture by instinct). The man was her father.

Sam Platnick had answered the first police call, had stationed himself atop the skylight of a neighboring building to get a better picture, and then had plummeted 25 feet to a concrete floor when the skylight caved in.

"It just had to happen," the residents of Hempstead murmured sadly as they gathered around the combination house-office-studio of

the  
on  
lies  
nic  
da  
Mi  
ten  
the  
oth  
the  
fall  
ado  
iron  
tur  
ing  
stor  
H  
pre  
easi  
ere  
are  
as v  
sup  
thro  
thes  
mar  
is c  
Gua  
race  
spot  
Fo  
a we  
is o  
crac  
mur  
the c  
Pl  
its d  
Its o  
brid  
niver  
oped  
Plat  
in th  
near  
gars  
JULY

the photographing Platnicks. As one of America's outstanding families of news cameramen, the Platnicks — pop Sam, mom Sarah, daughter Harriet, sons Ray and Milton, son-in-law Vincent, daughter-in-law Hilda—had wended their way from one disaster to another without once being caught themselves in calamity's whirlpool.

To Sam Platnick, however, the fall and the seven months in a cast added up to a monstrous piece of irony. "Thirty years taking pictures around here," he kept moaning, "and I waste time on a few stones falling off a building."

However, the Platnick family's predilection for accident pictures is easily explained. The clan has covered events in the Long Island area for all the Manhattan dailies, as well as for photo services which supply pictures to publications throughout the country. And what these journalistic organizations primarily want from this area—which is crammed with airfields, Coast Guard stations, public beaches, race tracks, aircraft factories—are spot-news photos.

For 24 hours a day, seven days a week, the Platnick Photo Service is on the prowl—sniffing out auto crackups, drownings, plane crashes, murders, suicides, fires. The bigger the disaster, the better the picture.

Platnick's Photo Service made its debut on Long Island in 1918. Its original mission: to photograph brides, babies, graduates and anniversary couples. This, it developed later, was too tame for a Platnick. So when a severe storm in the fall of 1919 swept through a near-by airfield, pulverizing hangars and smashing aircraft, Sam

hopped to the field with his equipment. As he was about to snap his first picture, the gale hoisted a near-by figure and literally tossed him into Sam's lap.

"Hey," the figure said, "I'm a reporter for the *Daily News*. You ought to call the managing editor. He's burning to get some pictures of this business."

When Sam called, his picture offer was snapped up, and soon the *News* asked him to cover the Island area photographically. Thus, he began his career of chasing ambulances, police cars and fire engines.

Since Sam had already qualified for a part-time job as a fingerprint expert for the Nassau County police to help prop the family budget, he found it necessary to put Sarah to work, assisting him with business details. After 30 years, she's still doing the same job.

Sam's fingerprint chores once helped him and the *News* to score a notable achievement, though no pictures were involved. When Charles A. Lindbergh was scheduled to take off on his epochal Atlantic flight from Roosevelt Field, county officials sent out a call for extra police to handle curiosity seekers. Since Sam was listed as a civilian employee, he was pressed into service. Everyone was trying to find out Lindy's take-off time, because bad weather had already delayed the departure.

As the flier strode toward his hangar, he said emphatically, "No more departure announcements. It's bad luck."

Once inside, Lindy went into a huddle with his weather observer. "Okay," he mumbled, and mentioned the time for his departure;

Sam Platnick was right behind and overheard him. In a flash, the *News* was informed. In a couple of flashes, they had a banner edition on the streets. This achievement, scored while the *News* was in swaddling clothes, gave the paper a helpful boost toward its present eminence.

Sam's police contacts assured his being on the scene after every headline murder—like the famed Ruth Snyder case—and after every important disaster. As his dramatic pictures continued to liven the pages of the *News*, other New York papers enlisted the Platnick service.

In 1933, when Milton and Ray were developing into child photography prodigies, Sam broadened his activities by covering for all metropolitan and suburban publications, as well as national photo services, on a free-lance basis.

Although he had been proud to have his two male offspring join the Photo Service, Sam blanched at the notion of a distaff picture-snapper in the family. But when she was 14, daughter Harriet found herself home one evening, with no company but a jangling phone. The voice on the other end was a state trooper, tipping the Platnicks to a serious highway accident.

Harriet picked up her father's emergency camera case, jumped into a taxi, found two dead and six hurt at the collision and calmly

popped flash bulbs. Since then, nobody has been able to stop her.

The Platnicks no longer depend on tips from policemen for disaster news. Thirteen police radios are currently the backbone of their intelligence service, and they are now setting up their own radio station. Each Platnick car is also equipped with radio, in addition to such addenda as flashlights, sweatshirts, extra stockings, boots and ski shoes. Harriet's car has one extra item—a spare make-up kit. "Even where I go," she says, "a woman should look presentable."

The radios bark news from police stations at all hours of the day and night, while a special loud-speaker system carries the calls to every corner of the Platnicks' rambling frame house.

The best indication that the Platnick circus will continue into the third generation was offered recently by four-year-old Ellen Platnick, daughter of Ray and Hilda. Ellen had been given a tiny camera to take pictures of her playmates. One evening, her mother returned home and found Ellen pushing one of her little friends off a bicycle.

"Ellen," her mother shouted. "Stop that at once!"

"But Mommy," Ellen said, "I didn't mean anything wrong. I just thought I would get a better picture if I snapped her falling off."

---

### Philosophy Footnotes

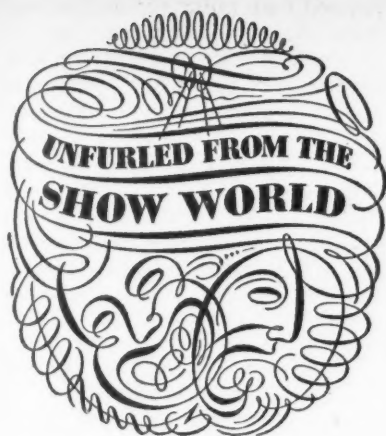
Most of us keep one eye on the temptation we  
pray not to be led into.

—Glass Topics

Friendship is the only cement that will ever  
hold the world together.

—WOODROW WILSON





### Airlines

When 88-year-old Georgianna P. Carhart appeared as a guest on Mutual's program "Life Begins at 80," she declared:

"My husband was a self-made man, but of course I had to make some mighty extensive alterations."

—PAUL STRINER

An unmarried lady appeared as a contestant on a radio quiz show. Introducing her to the audience, the master of ceremonies asked: "Which would you rather have in a man, appearance or wealth?"

"Appearance," was her reply, "and the sooner the better."

—T. L. RABINOWITZ

### Film Flam

An inveterate table-hopper recognized a movie star in a New York restaurant. Instantly she rushed over to him.

"How have you been?" she gushed. "How long will you be in town? Where are you staying?"

Noticing that she paid scant at-

tention to his answers, the actor retorted: "I'm staying at Madison Square Garden."

"Swell," said the woman as she moved on to another table, "I'll call you tomorrow."

—HILDA HEYM

You can tell when a movie is near the end. Women begin to put on their shoes.

—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN in *Walker Log*

It happened at the first preview of *The Stratton Story*, in which Jimmy Stewart plays the baseball star. Monty Stratton took his wife and nine-year-old son to see the picture. Came the scene where Stratton Jr. is sitting in a high chair.

Junior turned to Monty in the audience and said:

"Gee, Daddy, I sure was a cute baby!"

—ERSKINE JOHNSON, *NEA Service*

### Onstage

One night when Ethel Barrymore was appearing at a summer theater, three respectable-looking ladies presented themselves at the stage door and asked for the star.

"I'm sure she would like to see us," one of them explained. "You see, we went to school with her."

Informed of the situation, the great lady of the stage peered through the open door of her dressing room. "You say they went to school with me?"

"That's right."

"Very well," said the actress, "wheel 'em in!"

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

The late George M. Cohan must have been the original inspiration for the expression, "Let George do it." At least, that was the impression a certain well-known British

theatrical producer gained when he visited the Yankee Doodle Dandy during the rehearsal of one of his plays.

"Who wrote this play?" asked the Briton.

"I did," was the calm rejoinder.

"Well," persisted the visitor, "who's producing it?"

"I am," acknowledged the irrepressible Cohan.

"Who is going to play in it?"

"I'm going to star in it."

"And I suppose," remarked the visitor wearily, "you are also going to paint the scenery?"

"Oh, no, I can't do that," Cohan replied.

"Then, for heaven's sake, who will?" the Briton demanded.

Cohan grinned sheepishly. "My father," he replied.

—Wall Street Journal

### Cellulines

In Hollywood, a scenario writer was present while the movie mogul who was his boss ranted into the phone. When the producer finally

got through with his tirade, the writer remarked: "You'd better be more careful, or you'll get ulcers."

"Pooh," was the reply, "I don't get them, I give them."

When a friend complimented Sam Goldwyn with "Your wife has exceptionally beautiful and exquisite hands," the producer agreed, adding "I'm thinking of having a bust made of them."

—PAUL STEINER

### Star Grazing

Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokyo. Someone once asked her: "Born in Tokyo? How did that happen?"

"Oh," shrugged Olivia, "in the usual way!"

—CY POLAND

Television is the kind of radio which lets people at home see what the studio audience is not laughing at . . . I haven't bothered much about television. I think the men who used to take passport pictures are now the cameramen.

—FRED ALLER

*Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage and screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*

#### CREDITS

Photos: Page 75, Keystone View Company; 76, 81, 85, 86, Black Star; 77 (top-bottom), 80, 83 (top), 84 (top), 89, Frederic Lewis; 78, Andre Kertesz; 79, H. Armstrong Roberts; 82, A. Devaney; 83 (bottom), 87, Monkmeyer Press Photo Service; 84 (bottom), Victor dePalma from Free Lance Photographers Guild; 88 Lucien Aigner; 90, International News Photos; 115, 117 (top), 118, 119 (top-bottom), 120 (top-bottom), 123, 125, 126, 127, L. C. Handy Studios; 116, 117 (bottom), 121, 122 (top-bottom), 124, 128, 129, 130, Library of Congress.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

M

...e, the  
...ter be  
...lcers,"  
...don't

...d Sam  
...as ex-  
...quisite  
...add-  
...a bust  
...EL STEINER

...orn in  
...d her:  
...that

...in the  
...CY POLAND

...which  
...at the  
...ing at  
...about  
...who  
...es are  
...ED ALLEN

...at gag  
...iness,  
...will be  
...orld"  
...ut no  
...s they

...00), 84  
...n), 87,  
...ilid; 88  
...ttom),  
...9, 130,

...addressed  
...envelope  
...lity will

...ONET

MA

Cor

# THE MAKING OF A HERO

IN AUGUST, 1811, a ten-year-old youth shipped as cabin boy under command of his adopted father, Commander David Porter of the U. S. frigate *Essex*.

Those were rough times, and the boy soon took on the habits of seamen of the day. He thought he was acquiring manly qualities when he learned to drink, gamble and swear. Sailors grinned at his progress, but not Porter, who had adopted the boy a few years after his mother's death.

One day the Commander summoned the lad to his cabin. "Davy," he said, "what do you mean to be in life?"

"I want to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea? Be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, destined to die in some foreign fever hospital?"

The boy quailed, then recovered his poise. "No! I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do!"

"What—YOU?" scowled the father. "No officer ever trod the quarter-deck with such habits as you have learned. You'll have to steer in a different direction if you want to become a man!"

The Commander gave his adopted son a withering glance and stalked out of the cabin. When the stunned boy went on deck again, there was a new light in his eyes.

Decades later, sitting on the porch of a Long Beach hotel, America's most celebrated seaman made a confession. He had resolved, before leaving that cabin, to steer his course the Commander's way. Thus in 1866, David G. Farragut became an Admiral, highest rank in the U. S. Navy.

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS



A Gem from the  
Coronet Story Teller



# Easy luncheon trick

—this quick, can't-fail coffee!



Time-Saver for  
Bridge Luncheons

**NESCAFÉ**

No pot,  
no grounds—  
just add piping  
hot water

IN REGULAR OR BIG ECONOMY JAR

Such a magically convenient way to make coffee—*just right every time!* Simply measure Nescafé\* to suit taste. Add piping hot water—and get *all* the flavor and “lift” of freshly brewed coffee!

No wonder more people drink Nescafé than any other instant coffee. *Costs less per cup* than ordinary ground coffee, too. Serve Nescafé as your regular coffee—morning, noon or night—and *save!*

**NESCAFÉ** makes coffee right—  
every morning, noon or night!

\*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.